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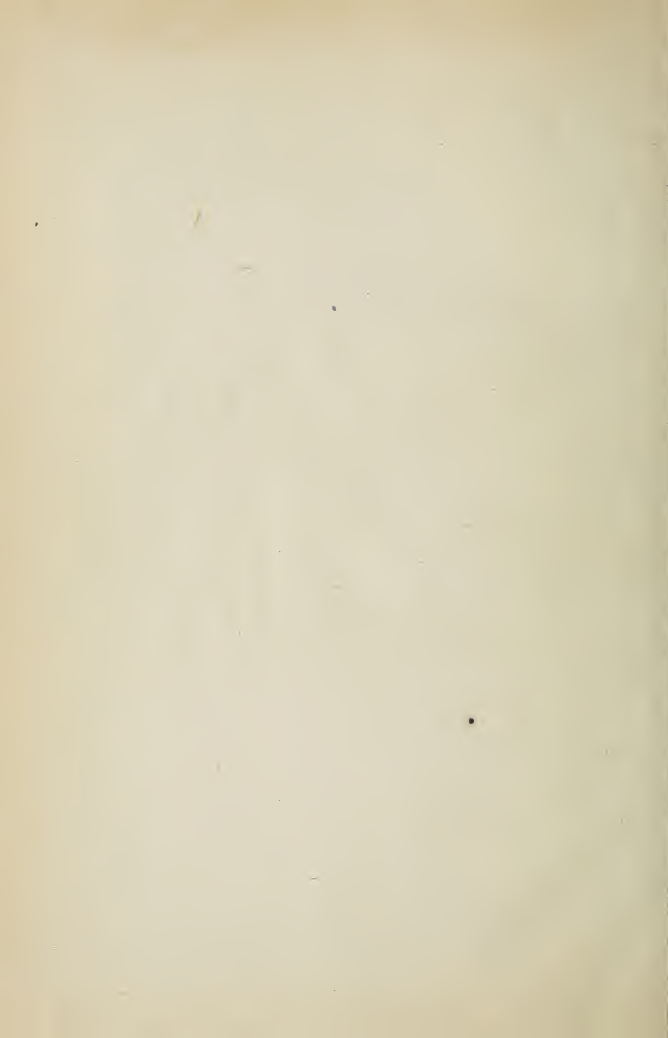
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Waiting at the Cross.



BOSTON :  
HENRY A. YOUNG & COMPANY.  
1869.

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# Waiting at the Cross.

*A BOOK OF DEVOTION.*

17 J. C. Eddy.

CHRIST. — “In his Death he is a Sacrifice, satisfying for our sins; in the Resurrection, a Conqueror; in the Ascension, a King; in the Intercession, a High Priest.”

MARTIN LUTHER.



BOSTON :  
HENRY A. YOUNG & COMPANY.

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## P R E F A C E.



THE object of this little volume is to bring together some of the best thoughts of good men, and apply them to the comfort, instruction, and sanctification of believers. At the cross is found all that the weary, the disconsolate, and the sinful need ; and, while waiting there, the hungry soul is fed, and the fainting heart is strengthened.









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*The Cross, the Tree of Life.*





“ Oh ! what a sight to be up in heaven, in that fair orchard of the trees of Paradise, and to see and smell and touch and kiss the fair field-flower, and that evergreen Tree of Life ! ”

“ I look not to win a way to my home without wounds and blood. Christ hath so handsomely fitted for my shoulders this rough tree of the cross, as that it hurteth me nowise.”

“ Love, love, — I mean Christ’s love, — is the hottest coal that ever I felt. Oh ! but the smoke of it is hot : cast all the salt sea on it, it will flame. Hell cannot quench it : many, many waters will not quench love. Christ is turned over to his poor prisoner, in a mass and globe of fire. I wonder that he should waste so much love on such a waster as I am ; but he is no waster, but abundant in mercy. There are infinite supplies in his love, that the saints will never attain to unfold.”

“ Great men are dry and cold in doing for me. The tinkling of chains for Christ affrighteth them.”

“ Fasten your hold on Christ. Having him, though my cross were as heavy as ten mountains of iron, when he putteth his sweet shoulder under me and it, my cross is but a feather.” —  
*Garden of Spices.*







## The Cross, the Tree of Life.

---

IN the midst of yonder wilderness, overrun with all manner of weeds and poisonous plants, there lies a humble patch of dry, bare ground. From the midst of the dry, barren ground, where nothing ever grew before, there rises up a young tree, tall, and fair to look upon. Higher and higher it grows, until its shadow falls upon the tops of the loftiest trees around it; higher and higher, until all the trees in the wilderness are but weeds when compared with it.

Now turn to the reality. Christ is that tree of God. In his birth he grew out of ground that was barren. In his infancy he was that "tender plant" of which Isaiah

prophesied. In his childhood his shadow fell upon heads that were gray with years and experience. And in his manhood the mightiest in the world were but weeds under his branches. As a man, he grew in stature and wisdom and favor and glory, until there was none such upon the face of the earth ; until he stood alone as the great tree of life in the midst of the perishing ; until he bid fair to stretch forth his branches to the uttermost ends of the world.

Look back to the green tree. How beautiful it is ! It has no crooked boughs or twisted branches. There are no worm-eaten or withered leaves : every leaf is as fresh as when first unfolded from the bud. There are no weather-beaten, time-stained flowers : every flower is perfect. There are no bitter or rotten fruits : all its fruits are ripe and uninjured. From the lowest root to the highest leaf, it is without a fault.

Behold in this some faint picture of Jesus. His birth was as pure as the creation of an angel. His childhood was as spotless as sunshine. His thoughts were as clear as the

river of God. His heart was a well of love. His soul was a great deep of light. His life was unstained by the shadow of evil. He was the wonder of devils. He was the admiration of angels. He was the joy of God. He was heaven on earth.

Turn again to the green tree. Mark its goodness. It casts a cool shadow at noontide, where the weary hide from the heat of day. Men pluck its leaves, and lay them on the sores of the sick and wounded, and they bring the balm of ease and the strength of healing. Its flowers shed down sweetness on the air. Its fruit is the daily bread of a multitude. The storms that bow and break and trample down the trees of the forest, only shower from its bending branches leaves and fruit and fragrance upon the world beneath.

Behold in this the shadow of Jesus! He was the refuge of the repentant. He was the rest of the weary. He was the home of the outcast. He was the bread of the hungry. He was the health of the diseased. Did the blind ever leave him sightless, or

the hungry empty, or the dumb silent? Was he not more than the Pool of Siloam to helpless sufferers, and than the waters of Jordan to leprous Naamans? Was he not better than the balm of Gilead to broken hearts, and than the oil of spikenard to wounded spirits? Was he not the grave in which men buried their sorrows; the water of oblivion with which they cleansed away their dark memories; the bath of blood in which they washed white their sin-stained spirits? When storms of trial and temptation swept across him, what did they shake down but leaves of healing, and fruits of life, and fragrance of love and of heaven? What was he but the tree of life transplanted for a time from the everlasting Eden?

Look back once more at the green tree. Mark its promise! Leave that tree untouched, and what will it become? Will it not reach up to heaven, and spread till it overshadows the world? Whom will it leave without a shelter? What diseases will it not cure? What hunger will it not satisfy? Will it not grow into a universal blessing?

Behold in this the promise of Jesus! Had he dwelt upon earth until now, what would he not have done for mankind! If in three years he healed such crowds of diseased persons, what multitudes would he have cured in eighteen centuries! If he fed five thousand and seven thousand at a meal, what thousands of thousands would he have fed since! Who would have been left hungry, or who naked? If he freely forgave the sins of penitent publicans, and praying thieves, and weeping harlots, and cast out none who came to him, what myriads would have swollen the train of his disciples since! Oh! what would the world have been now! Oh (when we think of it) the glory of that green tree of God!

Wonderful, wonderful Jesus! how can we now turn from the brightness of thy glory to the gloom of thy sorrow! Oh! who shall tell the tale of destruction? The axe and the flame from beneath, and the glittering arrows from above, stripped and rent and levelled all thy glory. Thou wast slain, and buried off the face of all the earth!

Come, all you who are careless about your own salvation ; come, all you who are not in earnest about the salvation of others, — come hither, and tremble at Christ's sorrows. They are the blackest prophecies of future sorrow to the careless and unconverted, that were ever written by the finger of God upon the page of history. Oh, woe, woe to the guilty in the day of vengeance ! See him, the innocent Lamb of God, the pure, the lovely, the heavenly Lamb of God, — see him (and all for the sin of others) led, led by man and God, to the slaughter ! See him, the humble, loving, devoted Jesus, the dear, the only, the everlasting Son of God ! — see him (and all for sin, and sin alone) trodden down and crushed by the multitude, bruised, and forsaken by his Father, and then scourged and stripped and crucified ! Mark the blood ! — my soul sickens, my brain reels at the sight — mark the blood streaming from his open wounds ! See the mingled tears and blood, the clotted dust and gore, the thorns,\* the look of love and sorrow, the iron entering into his soul ! Ah me ! My

God, my God! Oh, hear the dying prayer!  
O God! that cry! His heart is broken,  
pierced and broken: nought hangs upon  
the cross but a lifeless body: the sobbing  
soul, the breadth of love and sorrow, the  
overburdened spirit, hath through the fearful  
gloom gone to its God.

Thus died in the presence of man and in  
the presence of God the holy Son of man  
and Son of God. Thus died, by the hand  
of man and the will of God, the faultless  
Son of man and Son of God. Thus died,  
for the good of man and the glory of God,  
the unstained Son of man and Son of God.  
Thus was the dreadful sword of Almighty  
vengeance justly reddened with the blood  
of innocence. Thus was the guiltless con-  
sumed as a sacrifice by the devouring flame  
of the wrath of God against the guilty. Thus  
was judgment executed. Thus was hell  
opened. Thus was justice satisfied.

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.





“JESUS THE KING.”

Upon the hill of Calvary,  
 Upon a cross, which stood  
 Rocking with speechless agony,  
 And bathed in streams of blood,  
 A man was nailed; and o'er his head  
 A shining scroll was hung,  
 So that the mocking crowd could read  
 On whom their taunts they flung.

The writing said,  
 “Jesus the King!”

Upon the hill of Calvary,  
 From off the cross, which stood  
 Still as the waves of Galilee  
 Beneath the feet of God,  
 Joseph and his sad company  
 Took down the tortured form;  
 And through their tears, as o'er the sea  
 The beacon lights the storm,

The scroll they see,  
 “Jesus the King.”

Upon the hill of Calvary  
 The cross on Easter stood;  
 But on its brow the mystery  
 Of morning's golden flood:

And from within the open grave  
The angels see the scroll,  
And, lo ! the resurrection's wave  
Across that name they roll,  
Which still can save,  
" Jesus the King ! "

Earth is the hill of Calvary :  
A cross is raised each day  
Whereon mankind with mockery  
Their loving Saviour lay ;  
But evermore the angels sing  
That name, and o'er his head  
Will write it, till they bring  
His mandate to the dead  
To rise, and sing,  
" Jesus the King ! "

ANON.







The Need of a Cross.





“CHRIST is the way ; and he will continue such to the most advanced disciples, who will feel his moral and spiritual superiority the more, the more closely they imitate him. The greater our spiritual sensibility, the fairer for us the revelation of his character, and the fuller for us the measure of his inspiration. We should believe that branch of the Church destined to wither, that severed its connection with the Vine ; and the sooner it withered the better ; for its fruit could be only ashes, and its seed barrenness.” — *Dr. Bellows.*

“Oh ! since from those mighty words, ‘*Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you,*’ the veil has withdrawn itself from before me ; I stand before them in amazement, as before an opened sanctuary, and know scarcely how to bear myself for astonishment and rapture at the abundance of magnificent and blessed thoughts contained therein. I behold, as it were, a throne of God erected upon this saying. Gleaming lightnings shoot forth therefrom on all sides, only to illumine to my view the Holy of Holies in the temple of Christianity. The most blessed articles of the New Testament stand there grouped around it in unveiled splendors, like sweet messengers of peace ; and in its centre appears the whole glory of the gospel, condensed into one wonder-teeming, majestically-refulgent, burning point.” — *Krummacher.*





## The Need of a Cross.

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THE great want of the human soul is a Saviour ; the imperative necessity of man is some one to bear his heavy burden, release him from the curse of sin, and emancipate him from the iron bondage of God's stern, relentless law. For six thousand years, the blinded, bewildered faculties of men have been groping in their stupidity among the altars, temples, schools, and systems of earth, to find some one to stand between the guilty race of Adam and the offended God of the universe ; some daysman, who could touch with the same hand, weeping, crushed humanity, and unsullied, unshaken divinity. There is a universal consciousness of wrong, unrest, and danger, an unceasing call for some higher good than man has yet attained ;

and the whole history of our race, the immense struggle of humanity, has been an effort, too often abortive, to reach that higher state, and secure that higher good. All men everywhere have the same unsettled and restless longings which nothing on earth can gratify. They are conscious of

“ An aching void  
The world can never fill.”

The number of really contented persons is very small, the circle of truly satisfied mortals is very limited, and the desire of which we speak is general if not universal. The young merchant says, “When I am settled in business, and have a good run of custom; when I am proprietor of one of those marble warehouses that lift their proud fronts in yonder city, and my patrons come from all parts of the sunny South and the out-stretching West; when wealth rolls in upon me like a flood, and I can afford to live in a brownstone palace in some noble avenue or on some aristocratic street, — I shall be perfectly satisfied, completely happy.” He secures



all this ; but he is not happy, he is not satisfied, — no, no, far from it.

The enterprising mechanic, with ideas less lofty than the other, says, “When I am settled in life, have a little home of my own, with a loving wife and dutiful children ; when my business is good, and work is plenty and well paid ; when I have a little laid up in the bank for a rainy day, — then I will bid farewell to all anxiety, and enjoy life as well as if I was worth a million.” But he reaches all that, yet he is not happy, and is not willing to rest there. His mind is as ill at ease as ever.

Another has some other prospective good at which he aims, towards which he directs all his efforts, and which enlists all his energies. When he gets that, he expects to be contented. He knows nothing beyond that, — no higher good, no mountain-peak of glory, no summit of ambition rising back of the object for which he strives to-day. But in time he secures that, and finds the same demon of unrest impelling him, the same cravings for a higher pinnacle, the same eagerness for an object still distant.

“ Amidst our plenty, something still  
For horses, houses, pictures, painting,  
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.  
That cruel something, unpossessed,  
Corrodes and lessens all the rest :  
That something, if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain.”

Men make no mistake when they suppose they need something to make them happy. Their aching hearts do not deceive them when they crave some unattained good, some bliss that can meet the higher wants, and satisfy the soul. They only mistake in the methods they take to meet these wants, and secure the desired good. The objects at which they are aiming never can do for them what they expect. They will surely be disappointed in the end, and die with the soul unfilled, its dreary waste still unsatisfied. It has been so, we know, with men in all ages of the world, and in every land beneath the sun. Only a few have ever reached the summit of contentment, or been supremely blest.

Assuming, then, as a point needing no confession on your part, and no argument to

establish it on mine, that all unconverted men and women feel the great need of a soul, and are sensible of the insufficiency of human nature, we wish to show how the want can be met, the soul satisfied, and the sinner made supremely happy. It is an old story, — old as the cross. It has been told in every land, and repeated in every dialect for eighteen hundred years. It has been recited by poets and philosophers, by learned and eloquent men, and by the poor, ignorant, untutored children of the forest. It has been enunciated in royal proclamations, blazoned on the banners of imperial armies, shouted from the lips of expiring martyrs, and echoed by the most lofty and the most lowly of men. It has been preached in cathedrals, whispered in royal palaces, and sung in deep, lonely prisons. Yet the great world, with its eyes all bleared by sin, its ears all stopped with the music of earth, its heart petrified with fear, does not understand it. Men now are as little inclined to find peace in the right way as they were eighteen centuries ago. They are as eager now to draw from broken

cisterns as they were in the days of the prophets ; and there is as much unrest, though rest has come ; as much discontent, though content has walked the earth in god-like guise, — as there ever was before. Ah ! that is the way of man's poor heart.

The history of the world, the experience of mankind, the declarations of God, all assure us that there can be found one only source of rest, one only place of peace and contentment. What is that source of rest ? Who can tell ? When Nicodemus wanted rest ; when his heart fluttered and ached ; when a pent-up storm raged in his soul, making shipwreck of every hope that had found a harbor there, — what did he do ? Make broad his phylactery ? Lengthen out his prayers, or put into them a more burning rhetoric ? Double his gifts to the Hebrew Church, or go oftener to the Sanhedrim and sit among the rulers of the land ? Oh, no ! He found rest one day — no, one night — in a humble house in an obscure street in Jerusalem, while conversing with the Son of God. And so it has become true in all ages, that there

is rest for none who do not seek it in that same lowly street, at the feet of that same illustrious personage. Whatever the ills of a man's life, whatever the sorrows of his heart, whatever burden he may bear, or whatever grief may consume him, he can find rest nowhere else. All the voices of the past, as they come sounding back from Bethlehem's plains and Judæa's hillsides; every testimony wrought into the great life deposition from men who have sought rest, and found it not, who have pursued content, and been deluded and deceived; as well as from those who have entered the vestibule of eternity, and laid their cold, dead hands upon a blessed, meek, and living cross, and been forever satisfied,—all these voices shout to us, as we wander and perish, "*Go to Jesus.*" The inspired word in which saints have found perfection, and martyrs have gathered consolation, which has been a fountain of life, love, and wisdom to prophets, priests, and kings, utters one single sound, "*Go to Jesus.*" The angels, as they flit about on their missions of mercy, as they watch the surging, seething

tides of human woe, boiling and foaming with bitterness and wrath, cry out, "*Go to Jesus.*" The Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, ever since the day of Pentecost, has been uttering one grand direction for all sinners. He has stood on the banks of the Jordan, the Euphrates, and the Tiber; he has appeared on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and in the mountains of Arabia, — everywhere, where hearts are burdened, and souls diseased, holding up a cross, pointing to Calvary, and saying, — oh, how sweetly! — "*Go to Jesus.*"

We have no other direction to give; there is nowhere else for the sinner to go. Whatever sorrow may oppress your soul, whatever burden may rest upon your spirit, there is but one remedy, one relief. If you have been smitten by death; if in your home is a confined tenant, and a dark, cold cloud of Providence has swept over you, concealing all light, obscuring the face of mercy, and leaving you nothing but a tomb, — then "*Go to Jesus.*" If sin has settled on your spirit; if you hear the angry denunciation of the law; if wrath

thunders against you, and you are afraid of God,—then “*Go to Jesus.*” If you have strayed like a child from home, like a sheep from the fold of the great Shepherd, and you hear the roar of the devouring wrath, and tremble lest there be no fountain to wash out sins like thine, no mercy for one so fallen, then “*Go to Jesus.*” There is nowhere else you can go. Christ alone has the remedy for your disease, the balm for your sorrow, the pardon for your sins. In him, and nowhere else, can rest be found.



## ONE QUESTION, MANY ANSWERS.

### I.

“What wouldst thou be?”

The question hath wakened wild thoughts in me ;  
And a thousand responses, like ghosts from  
their graves,

Arise from my soul's unexplored deep caves, —  
The echoes of every varying mood  
Of a wayward spirit all unsubdued ;

But the voices which thrill through my inmost  
breast —

They tell me of gladness, but not of rest.

What wouldst thou be ?

'Tis well that the answer is not for me.

## II.

“What wouldst thou be ?”

An eagle soaring rejoicingly ;

One who may rise on the lightning's wing,

Till our wide, wide world seem a tiny thing ;

Who may stand on the confines of boundless  
space,

And the giant form of the universe trace,

While its full, grand harmonies swell around,

And grasp it all with a mind profound.

Such would I be,

Only stayed by infinity.

## III.

“What wouldst thou be ?”

A bright incarnation of melody ;

One whose soul is a fairy lute,

Waking such tones as bid all be mute,

Breathing such notes as may silence woe,

Pouring such strains as make joy o'erflow,



Speaking in music the heart's deep emotion,  
Soothing and sweet as the shell of the ocean.

Such would I be,  
Like a fountain of music, all pure and free.

## IV.

“What wouldst thou be?”

A wondrous magnet to all I see ;  
A spirit whose power may touch and bind  
With unconscious influence every mind ;  
Whose presence brings, like some fabled wand,  
The love which a monarch may not command ;  
As the spring awakens from cold repose  
The bloomless brier, the sweet wild rose.

Such would I be,  
With the love of all to encircle me !

## V.

“What wouldst thou be?”

A blessing to each one surrounding me,  
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,  
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,  
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,  
A nightingale song in the darkest night,  
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,  
An angel of love to each friendless soul.

Such would I be.  
Oh that such happiness were for me !

## VI.

“What wouldst thou be?”

With these alone were no rest for me.  
I would be my Saviour's loving child,  
With a heart set free from its passions wild,  
Rejoicing in him and his own sweet ways ;  
An echo of heaven's unceasing praise ;  
A mirror here of his light and love,  
And a polished gem in his crown above.

Such would I be,  
Thine, O Saviour, and one with thee !

ANON.





The Saviour on the Cross.





“THE Law and the Gospel are two keys. The Law is the key that shutteth up all men under condemnation, and the Gospel is the key which opens the door and lets them out.” — *Tyndall*.

“If prayer in the name of Jesus is the ship that is to convey us to the opposite shore, where all that is desirable is to be obtained, it is evident that there must be among us a lack of people who know how to sail with this bark. The condition in which we are proves it; otherwise, things would have a different appearance in the midst of us. Heaven would not remain so little known and enjoyed. Spiritual barrenness would soon vanish. The Church would flourish like the lily, and gift upon gift would be showered down upon us from on high. Our weakness judges and condemns us. We know not how to make use of the key which has been given to us; and what Jesus said to his disciples may also be applied to ourselves, ‘*Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name.*’” — *Krummacher*.





## The Saviour on the Cross.

---

THE soul waiting at the cross sees Christ hanging upon it. The sweet voices of angels cry, "He is a Saviour;" and the waiting soul turns longingly and lovingly to him with solemn inquiry.

IS HE A COMPETENT SAVIOUR? — When a man is charged with crime, beaten down by menaces, exposed to condemnation, he seeks an advocate to manage his defence, and plead his cause in the trial. The question he asks is, "Is this advocate competent?" If the case is important, if the crime charged on him involves great consequences, and, if proved, will be followed with terrible punishment, he is not willing to trust the case in

the hands of a novice, who, by his ignorance of law, or his dulness in other respects, will fail to set the strong points in the defence clearly before the jury. He desires to know how long the advocate has been practising at the bar, what important cases he has had, what success has attended his legal efforts, and what is thought of his powers as a pleader. He wishes to know who has intrusted this advocate with important cases, and with what skill he managed them. If he is told that the counsel recommended has had but few important cases, and those were lost by him, that men who understand the importance of legal skill never employ him, that his reputation as a pleader is poor, it is at once decided. He will not retain him : it would be madness for him to do so. To secure such an advocate would be to throw his case away. But if he is told that the lawyer has been engaged in several important state or criminal trials, has uniformly managed them with great skill, has been pitted against the most eloquent men who ever addressed a jury, and never lost any case com-

mitted to him, it is a different thing altogether. "This is the advocate for me," he says ; and he at once retains him for the trial.

If a man is sick, and wants a physician ; if his case is desperate, almost hopeless ; if he needs to be treated with the utmost medical skill,— he inquires whether the medical man recommended is skilful in the healing art, and has a reputation for success in his vocation. If he finds that the man kills more than he cures, as some do ; if a person who employs him once never dares do so again ; if he is never invited to consult with other members of the medical fraternity,— then the sick man rejects his services as worthless. But if he finds that the physician has always been successful, has lost but few patients, has a high reputation as a man of skill and learning, he employs him, puts himself into his hands, and says, "Sir, do the best you can for me : I have entire confidence in your skill."

Now, if a man wants a Saviour for his soul, it is perfectly proper that he should be solicitous as to the competency of the one pre-

sented. And, in relation to the competency of Christ to save, there can be no mistake. Man has committed a dreadful crime ; he has violated God's holy law ; he has sinned against infinite light, infinite love, and infinite purity. It is a multitudinous crime made up of an infinite variety of offences. It is a life-long crime, begotten in his ancestors, developed in himself, and bequeathed to his children. The trial will soon take place, the judge will soon be on his throne, the indictment will be read, the witnesses heard, the verdict given, the sentence pronounced. It is of vast importance that the sinner's advocate be competent, able to cope with all the points of law ; that he understands the usages of the court, and is able to plead with success. Christ is recommended as such an advocate, — recommended by God himself. Is he competent? Can he manage the case well? Look at his antecedents! He has been in practice six thousand years ; he has had millions of clients ; he has undertaken the most difficult cases ever committed to any advocate, and he never lost one. No



person who trusted in him has ever been disappointed. He was the counsel of Saul of Tarsus, that old blood-red persecutor ; and he cleared him. He was the advocate employed by the Galilean thief, who wanted his work done quickly and strong. He undertook the cases of Col. Gardner, John Newton, and Richard Baxter, — hard cases as all must admit ; but he succeeded with them. Indeed, men who have had him as an advocate have seldom felt fear. So confident have they been in his success, that, though charged with crime that might make hell itself turn pale, they have gone to the trial with the step of the conqueror, shouting in joyful anticipation, “There is therefore now no condemnation.” No man need fear trusting to Christ for salvation. His competency is known and attested by infallible proofs, and his universal success recommends him to the confidence and love of all.

The nature of man is also diseased ; man is sick as well as criminal. The Scriptures represent him as under the influence of a malady that is preying on him, soul and

body. A physician is recommended, — recommended by thousands who have tried him, and by God the Father of all. What are his antecedents? Has he ever lost a case? No. Has he ever had an instance of malpractice? No. Has he ever failed to give health, rest, ease, comfort, and blessing? No, no, never failed! Oh! how covered within and without was the soul of poor Mary of Magdala! How many diseases seemed to have taken possession of her, until, like seven devils, they rioted upon her flesh, and consumed her vitals! But the Great Physician at length undertook her case, applied his remedies, and at once she was healed. A thousand Marys vile as her of Magdala have been washed in that same fountain of blood, cleansed of all their sins, and saved by this Physician. Your soul, my reader, is diseased, — fearfully, ruinously diseased. The fever, plague, palsy, and madness, all combined, are at work on your moral nature; and they will destroy you, unless, in your emergency, you go to the Great Physician of souls.

A COMPETENT Saviour! Such is the

Christ presented to all lost men. His blood cleanseth from all sins, however deep, dark, and damning. Whoever will, let him come and wash in the full, deep fountain of mercy, — a fountain as deep as the pit of our degradation. Thousands have washed there, and been cleansed and healed of all maladies. Nothing is more apparent than this, — Christ is a *competent* Saviour! *able* to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Though your nature were black as midnight, and your heart a perfect volcano of depravity, yet the blood of Christ could cleanse it, extinguish its fire, and make it a palace fit for God to dwell in.

“ If all the sin that men have done  
 In will, in word, in thought, in deed,  
 Since worlds were made, and time begun,  
 Were laid on one poor sinner’s head,  
 The blood of Jesus Christ alone  
 Could for this mass of sin atone,  
 And sweep it all away.”

This is a Saviour, indeed, worthy of our acceptance, whatever our case, or however desperate our condition.

IS HE A WILLING SAVIOUR?—Our best advocates at the bar are able to command large fees. Whoever employs them is expected to pay large sums of money for their services. This is right and proper: intellect and genius should always claim their reward. Hence, many poor men who might have desired the service of Burke and Fox, Choate and Webster, have been obliged to go to trial with very different advocates. "They will not plead for me," the man has said. "I have no money, I cannot pay them; and it would be useless to go to them." Very true! Burke and Fox, Choate and Webster, were not accustomed to do business gratuitously. A percentage was on their brain, and they seldom taxed that brain without a lien on the purse of the client.

And when we urge a sinner to go to Christ, the great Advocate of the universe, it is not surprising that he should turn on us, and ask, "Is he willing to undertake my case, and plead my cause?" With deep regret the condemned soul says, "I have nothing to pay such illustrious counsel, no fee to retain

or remunerate. It must be a gratuity on his part ; and, knowing that, surely he will not undertake for me.”

But I tell you he will. If you were rich and able to pay, he would tell you to go and get some advocate who wanted your money, and who was willing to work for your fee. Because you are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked, he will undertake your case and plead for you. If you were, as you wish you were, able to pay him, he would have nothing to do with you. He delights to act for the poor, the destitute, and the afflicted. He is the poor man's friend and advocate. His language is, “ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

Great physicians generally want great pay. If a man has great skill as an oculist or a surgeon, or in the treatment of fever or insanity, he wants to be paid for it. This is right and proper ; and no one should complain of it. But multitudes of poor people are

afraid to go to the best physicians: they think the charges will be so high that they cannot pay them. The sick man, when recommended to some eminent practitioner, says, "He will not come: he knows me, and I am largely in debt to him already. I have nothing to pay; and while the rich, the honored, the learned, ask his attentions, he will not bestow them on me. Besides, he knows my case will be long, desperate, and tedious: he will not undertake it." He argues reasonably, and with good sense: he must put up with a less eminent physician.

And so some sore, sick, sad sinner, when pointed to Christ, will say, "He is the great Physician: he has a multitude of cases on hand, calls in every direction; kings, prophets, martyrs, are all waiting for him. I am poor, and have nothing to pay: he will not waste his time on me."

But I tell you he will. He delights to help just such as you. Did Paul have any thing to pay, when he fell, a poor, stricken sinner, to the earth? No. Did Mary Magdalene have any thing to pay, when seven devils were

eating her up? No. What then? Christ is the Physician of the poor. If you offer him money, he will say, "Your money perish with you!" He serves those who depend on him, who feel their want and poverty, and who are sad and heavy with grief.

The willingness of Christ to save is demonstrated in all time. He came into the world to seek and save that which was lost. Every wail of his infancy, every sweat-drop of Gethsemane, every groan of Calvary, attests the willingness, ay, the unutterable desire, of Christ to save.

IS HE A JUST SAVIOUR?—Many a legal man has endeavored to save his client by defeating the ends of the law, and perverting justice. He deceives the jurors, or, by some fraudulent transaction, accomplishes his purpose. He knows his client is a miserable criminal, deserving of punishment, and yet he strives to establish his innocence. He evades, quibbles, picks flaws in the indictment, resorts to technicalities. The accused goes out legally clear, but condemned by public opinion and by his own conscience.

But Christ does not do that thing. He makes no effort to bribe the judge, deceive the jurors, or evade the law. He satisfies the law by his own sufferings. He washes out not only the accusation, but sin itself: he does not attempt to prove the innocence of his client, but he expiates his crime: he not only pardons, but he justifies the offender. He clears him from his guilt and shame, and sets him free as the lark that soars and sings. Ah, yes! he is a just Saviour,—just to the criminal who has sinned; just to the law which condemns him; just to God who is offended; just to himself who gave his life a ransom for the lost.

Such is the Saviour presented to you,—to you, weary, heavy-laden, full of sin, sorrow-stricken, and anxious about your fate. To you who have nothing to pay for salvation, who have no merit, no virtue, to return for such a boon,—to you I present such a Saviour, perfectly *competent*, perfectly *willing*, perfectly *just*. Kings, come down from your thrones, and cast your crowns at his feet! Paupers, come from your dens, and find in



him riches and righteousness! Slaves, approach, and let him dissolve your chains! Criminals, see! he holds a pardon, bought with blood, in his hands!

Dying sinner, will you go to him? With all your wants and woes on you still, will you go? Sinner of weary feet and heavy heart, will you go? What gracious enjoyment is held out for you! What sweet and tender invitations are given you! What hallowed hopes are held out before you! Surely saith the Scriptures, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely." Could you have a more reasonable and gracious invitation than this? Could you ask for a broader or wider one? "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." That one word, "whosoever," covers you, whoever you may be, and whatever may be your state.

Do you hesitate and hold back? I call

the thief on the cross to tell you how fully and freely he was forgiven by God, how graciously and gladly he was received by Christ. Are you still afraid? I invite Saul of Tarsus to relate to you the story of his conversion, and set before you the way of life. Do you still feel that your sins are too great for forgiveness? I call upon Mary of Magdala to repeat how seven devils were cast out of her; how she, a harlot and a degraded woman, was washed in blood. I ask her to pronounce on your listening ear, in the full, deep emphasis of her own salvation, her experience, that you may hear her confession:—

“ Love I much, I’m much forgiven :  
I’m a miracle of grace.”

Soul immortal, do you know this Saviour? Methinks I hear some one reply, “ No, I do not know him.” How strange! He came from heaven for you, laid aside his glorious robes for you; and yet *you do not know him!* For you he was scourged, mocked, insulted, and tried; and yet *you do not know him!* He sweat blood for you in sad Gethsemane, was

raised for you to the cross of Calvary; and yet *you do not know him!* How strange! For you his blood did once atone, and now his mercy keeps you out of hell; and yet *you do not know him!* Poor man! You do not know the loveliest and best being in the universe, the just God and Saviour of a lost world. Poor man!



### COME NOW.

*Now* is the time :

This Sabbath's setting sun  
May be the signal that thy race is run.  
See Jesus, waiting at the heavenly gate.  
Come *now* : to-morrow it may be too late.

*Now* is the time :

Ere night's dark curtain drop,  
Thy Maker may command thy breath to stop.  
See Jesus, waiting at the heavenly gate.  
Come *now* : to-morrow it may be too late.

*Now* is the time :  
The Spirit's gentle voice  
Knocks at thy heart and pleads, believe, rejoice.  
See Jesus, waiting at the heavenly gate.  
Come *now* : to-morrow it may be too late.

*Now* is the time :  
Beyond the narrow grave  
Repentance has no longer power to save.  
See Jesus, waiting at the heavenly gate.  
Come *now* : to-morrow it may be too late.

*Now* is the time :  
Accept and thou shalt see  
The brightness of his glorious Majesty.  
See Jesus, waiting at the heavenly gate.  
Come *now* : to-morrow it may be too late.

ANON.



## YOUR MISSION.

Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,  
“ Who will go and work to-day ?  
Fields are white, and harvests waiting :  
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”

Loud and long the Master calleth ;  
Rich reward he offers free :  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
“ Here am I : send me, send me ” ?

If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite ;  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying,  
“ There is nothing I can do, ”  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.

Take the task he gives you gladly ;  
Let your work your pleasure be ;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
“ Here am I : send me, send me.”

ANON.





Looking to Christ.





“I AM no scholar, sir,” said an old man to me in a Hampshire workhouse : “I have taught myself the last fifteen years, and now I can read a good bit of the Bible ; but I can’t make out all the big words, you know, sir. Ah ! sir, that word ‘believe,’ that is a great word with me : it is every thing to me ; and, as far as I can make out, there is no other way of getting to Jesus. He says, ‘Come unto me ;’ and, thank God, I am very happy in coming to him, by believing that he died for me, and that ‘he washed all my sins away.’”

“In the end of the world, Christ was revealed to *put away* sin. He did not come into the world to palliate it merely, or to cover it up ; but he came to put it away. Observe, he not only came to put away some of the attributes of sin, such as the filth of it, the guilt of it, the penalty of it, the degradation of it : he came to put away sin itself ; for sin, you see, is the fountain of all the mischief. He did not come to empty out the streams, but to clear away the fatal source of the pollution. He appeared to put away sin itself, — sin in its essence and being. Do not forget that he did take away the filth of sin, the guilt of sin, the punishment of sin, the power of sin, the dominion of sin, and that one day he will kill in us the very being and existence of sin ; but do recollect that he aimed his stroke at sin itself. My Master seemed to say, as the king of Syria did of old, ‘Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king.’ He aimed his shafts at the monster’s head, smote his vital parts, and laid him low. He put hell itself to flight, and captivity was led captive. What a glorious word, — our Lord *put away* sin !” — C. H. Spurgeon.







## Looking to Christ out of the Depths.

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THERE are depths of despair where silence reigns, and whence no cry ascends to God ; but there are depths out of which the soul cries to God, and the Lord delivers.

Out of the depths cried the publican to God, when he could see no other bridge than mercy between a righteous God and himself, whose name was sinner. Out of the depths cried the prodigal, when he resolved to return to his father, against whom he had sinned. Without any excuse to offer, without any palliation of his guilt, he could only say, "I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Out of the depths cried the woman, who was a sinner, though she had

no words, but only tears, — the depths of helplessness and anguish, — the hopelessness and sadness of a bruised reed. Out of the depths cried Saul, when his wisdom was suddenly shown to him to be folly, his righteousness fighting against God, his strength and boast his weakness and shame. Out of the depths cried the thief on the cross, when he beheld his sinful life behind him, death and eternity before him, and, without one plea, asked the holy and innocent Sufferer to remember him. These cried out of the depths of unforgiven sin. When the waters overwhelmed them, they had learned to distrust the sand of the surface; they had digged deep, till they came to depths of hopelessness; and, deeper than the depth of self-despair, they found the outstretched arms of divine mercy, to receive them into everlasting safety and peace.

Out of the depths cried David, after his backsliding and grievous sin. He had been silent before God, and, though outwardly praying to him and singing his praises, he had not enjoyed real communion with his

God and Father; and he confessed, and appealed to God's mercy. "Have mercy upon me according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Nothing else have I to look to but thy mercy." Out of the depths cried Peter, when the look of Jesus smote the rocky heart, and he went out and wept bitterly. They cried out of the depths of the burdened conscience of backsliders; and the Lord restored their souls, and led them in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Out of the depths of indwelling sin cried Paul, when he felt, that, though he delighted in the law of God with the inner man, there was another law striving within his members. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" In the subtle fowler's snare, in the heat of the world's turmoil, in the tumult of sinful thoughts, unhallowed desires, and worldly habits, the believer feels weak and helpless; and out of the depths he cries unto God, and the Lord delivers him, and takes his feet out

of the net, and gives him the victory over all that hate him, yea, prepares a table before him in the presence of his enemies.

Out of the depths of sufferings, brought about by their own sin and disobedience, the saints cry unto God. So prayed Jacob to be delivered from the hand of Esau ; and when disobedient Jonah was in the belly of the whale, the depth closed him round about, the weeds were wrapped about his head ; when his soul fainted within him, he remembered the Lord, and cried unto him, and the Lord heard the voice of his supplication. The children of Israel *are* brought low for their iniquity : nevertheless, he *regarded* their afflictions when he heard their cry. (Psalm cvi. 43, 44.)

Out of the depths of priestly sorrow and sympathy God's people cry to him. Thus did Jeremiah and Daniel humble themselves, on account of their guilty nation, before God, and confess their sin, and supplicate mercy. They were in the depths of sorrow and grief. Thus did Paul, the servant of the Lord, weep for the ungodly : he felt great heaviness and

continual sorrow in his heart on account of his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh; and the supplications which ascend out of the depths of Christ-like zeal for God's glory and compassion towards sinners bring down the answer of the Most High in power and blessing.

While we are in this valley of our pilgrimage, compassed about with sorrow, temptation, and a godless world, and have within us sin and unbelief and selfishness, contending not merely with flesh and blood, we shall have to cry out of the depths. In heaven the prayers will be changed into songs of deliverance; but even now the child of God knows not merely *ex profundis*, but a hymn of joy and gladness, for he is "in Christ."

He was once against Christ, crucifying him like the Jews of old, persecuting him like Saul of Tarsus; he was once without Christ, ignoring his offers and invitations, destitute of his righteousness and strength; he was once only near Christ, admiring his holiness, his life, his death, his love, wish-

ing to please and serve him, trying to obey and trust him ; but now he is in Christ.

This union is of God (1 Cor. i. 30), it is of Christ (Eph. v. 25), it is of the Spirit (1 Cor. vi. 17).

This union is necessary and essential to salvation. Know ye not that ye are in Christ Jesus, except ye be reprobates? Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. But what is meant by being born again? If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

This union is mysterious, and yet can be compared to many things which all understand. Jesus calls himself the Bread of Life. He gives us his body and blood to be the strength and life of our souls. We feed on him. The Father sends the manna ; the Son gives us his body to eat and his blood to drink ; the Spirit enables us to receive and to partake by faith.

Jesus calls himself the Vine, and us the branches. His life is ours ; we are dead and barren without him. If we abide in him, it is he who lives in us, and brings forth fruit

through us. The Father is the Husbandman: his is the glory. The Spirit grafts us into the Vine: faith is the connection between us and Christ. Christ is the Head, the Church the body. There is perfect union and sympathy between the Head and the members. Christ is the life, the wisdom, the guide of his people.

Christ is the foundation laid by the Father: we the building, resting and depending upon him.

Christ is the Bridegroom, the Husband of the church. He loved us, and gave himself for us, that we may love him, yield to him all our affections, lean on him at all times, and find our joy in his presence and fellowship.

These comparisons are to help us in understanding and believing that there is a real and intimate union between Christ and his people.

See, then, O believer! thy safety. Thou art accepted in the Beloved. If Christ is safe, thou art safe. Why was Christ crucified? He was delivered for our offences.

Why was Christ raised and glorified? Because of our justification. Christ ascended; Christ sitteth now at the right hand of God; and, if Christ is our head, if we are in him, we are safe.

See your danger. Only one danger exists; that is to leave Christ. As long as you abide in him as your only hope and confidence, as the supreme object of your love and gratitude, as your Guide and Example and Sovereign, you are safe: his grace is sufficient for you. His strength is made perfect in your weakness. To lose sight of him, to be unfaithful to him in your heart, unmindful of him in your life, — this is the only real evil.

See your happiness. “As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.” If we are in Christ, what infinite love of the Father is resting upon us! One with the Beloved of God, how near and dear are we to the heart of the heavenly Father! What a contrast is



here! O prodigal, clothed with the best robe, remember the depths, when thou didst sojourn in the far country! If in Christ, fellow-heirs with him, what a glorious future is awaiting us! Christ gives us not merely heaven, but a right to heaven,—his own right, as it were: “I will grant to him to sit with me in my throne!”

See here what constitutes your misery and your weakness: “Without me ye can do nothing.” When we do not abide in Christ, and do not let his word abide in us, our peace becomes shallow, our joy becomes hollow, our strength unreal, feverish, and effervescent. Only by decreasing in self-dependence and confidence in the flesh, and by allowing Christ to increase, to become more indispensable to us, and claiming more his strength and the supplies of his grace, can our souls prosper and glorify God.

Learn here to seek the Spirit. He joins us to Christ. It is he who keeps us in Christ, even to the end.

Learn here the importance of obedience. Ponder Christ’s saying, “If ye keep my

commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." Oh, what earnest, heart-stirring, heart-constraining preaching of the law have we here ! Obedience is the way of abiding in Christ's love. It is when we obey that we rest in the embrace of our Saviour.

If not in Christ, then, instead of bread, we feed on poison ; instead of a sure foundation, we build on sand ; instead of being living branches, we are withered, ready to be cast out and burnt ; instead of having life in him who is the resurrection and life, we are in Adam, children of wrath and disobedience, and heirs of death ; instead of the marriage-supper, we must look forward to never-ending separation from the Source of all light and purity and blessedness. If in Christ, we wait for a glorious harvest, for the perfect manifestation of the sons of God, for the inheritance which God has promised to Christ, and all who by the Spirit are joined to him.

Once in Christ, in Christ forever ! While

Peter denied him, Christ remembered him.  
Before Peter fell, Christ had prayed for his  
disciples. In the depths, the everlasting arms  
are beneath thee. Will not his goodness  
lead thee to repentance, to tender, loving,  
faithful, zealous obedience?

ANON.



## I CAN WAIT.

Though the ills of life oppress,  
And the waves of grief o'erflow,  
God will all my wrongs redress :  
This my soul doth surely know.  
I can wait.

Though my ships went down at sea,  
With their wealth of gems and gold,  
Filling all my soul with grief,  
And a sorrow all untold,  
I can wait.

Though the bread with lavish hand  
Which I cast on every side,  
Now to me in direst want  
Comes not o'er the treacherous tide,  
I can wait.

Though the good I measured out  
With my lavish, willing hand  
Comes not to relieve my need,  
While I worn and waiting stand,  
I can wait.

Though I laid my idol down,  
Bound and banded in the tomb,  
Taking from my life its charm,  
From my cheek its healthful bloom,  
I can wait.

Though I've freed while I am bound,  
Though my works have come to nought,  
Though where others jewels found  
Dross has come where I have sought,  
I can wait.

He has promised in his Word,  
What we do not know while here,  
Over in that happy land  
To our souls shall be made clear :  
I can wait.

He has promised that those bound  
Here on earth shall find release  
When their happy souls in heaven  
Know the joy of perfect peace :  
I can wait.

And my dead will rise again  
 From the confines of the tomb,  
 Bringing back my wasted life  
 With a new and fresher bloom.  
 I can wait.

Though the ills of life oppress,  
 And the waves of grief o'erflow,  
 God will all my wrongs redress :  
 This my soul doth surely know.  
 I can wait.

ANON.



“A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR  
 GOD.”

A mighty fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never-failing ;  
 Our Helper he amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work us woe ;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And, armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing ;

Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is he.  
Lord Sabaoth his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of Darkness grim —  
We tremble not for him :  
His rage we can endure.  
For lo ! his doom is sure :  
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth ;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,  
Through him who with us sideth.  
Let good and kindred go,  
This mortal life also :  
The body they may kill,  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is for ever.



The Penitent at the Cross.





“ I SEE Christ : and I see, through Christ, God. Christ must become all in all.” — *Bunsen*.

“The excellent Mr. Flavel, when minister at Dartmouth, preached from the words, ‘If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha;’ that is, accursed. The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the curse. At the conclusion, when Mr. Flavel was about to pronounce the blessing, he paused and said, ‘How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loves not the Lord Jesus Christ is Anathema, Maran-atha?’ The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience. In the congregation, there was a lad named Luke Short, about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Soon after, he went to sea, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life. He lived till he was ‘a sinner a hundred years old,’ and ready to die ‘accursed.’ One day his memory fixed on Mr. Flavel’s sermon. The earnestness of the minister, the truths spoken, the effect on the people, all came fresh to his mind. He felt that he had not loved the Lord Jesus; he feared the dreadful curse; he was deeply convinced of sin; and he was brought to the blood of sprinkling.”

“Christ, — those who *live Christ*, who live in love, the life of Christ, those are his. Those who live not the life of Christ are *not* his, let them be called by what name they may, let their confession of faith be what it may.” — *Bunsen*.







## The Penitent at the Cross.

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JESUS CHRIST never cast away any one who came to him. All he wants to see is a tear of penitential sorrow on the cheek, or hear a penitential sigh from the breast.

### THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

Saviour, I come for rest!  
To thy call of love replying,  
On thy word of grace relying,  
All weary and opprest;  
My sin and grief and care  
Now to thy feet I bring, to leave them there.

I wandered long and far,  
In the groves of folly playing,  
On the wastes of error straying,  
With no guard or guiding star.

Blindly I wandered on,  
 Seeking around for rest, and finding none.

All became cold and drear :

The wayside blossoms faded ;

Dark clouds the sunshine shaded ;

No sound of hope or cheer.

Gloom was on all the past,

And a dark gulf before, which must be reached  
 at last.

But then thy voice I heard.

Oh how free the invitation !

Oh how glorious the salvation

Revealed in every word !

I heard as captives hear

The trumpet-tones which tell of a Deliverer near.

I heard, and I obey !

Thy precious blood has bought me,

Thy wondrous love has sought me,

And led me here to-day, —

Here to thy mercy's throne,

Pleading thy power to save, thy merits to atone.

My Saviour, thou wilt hear !

Simply thy love believing,

Freely thy grace receiving,

Why should I doubt or fear ?

Unchanged thy words remain,  
That not one sinful soul should seek thy face  
in vain.

Whom can I seek but thee ?  
Thou hast borne the load so weary,  
Thou hast trod the path so dreary,  
To set the captives free.  
No farther let me roam,  
But close to thee abide through all my journey  
home.

Home with thyself at last !  
In the clear light of heaven  
To see all sin forgiven,  
All grief and danger past,  
Forever safe and blest !  
Lord, I believe, I love, I enter into rest !

ANON.

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CALVARY A BLAZE OF LOVE.

When we look around on God's works, and see the laws by which they are regulated, the adaptation of part to part, the traces of design and exquisite workmanship everywhere visible, and how a presiding Spirit

overrules the endless train of events, bringing light out of darkness, order out of confusion, good out of evil, we may well exclaim, Herein is wisdom! When we survey the vast masses that roll in space, giving light and heat in their appointed places at the appointed seasons, the mighty influences at work in nature, the thunders and lightnings, storms and winds, before which human power sinks into insignificance, and how these are ruled, as easily as the intention guides the hand, by that voice which says to the roaring sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," we may well exclaim, Herein is power! When we see the happy tendencies of things, -- how the same heaven bends over all, how all the creatures are made to minister to man's enjoyment, and how the wants of every living thing are satisfied by the exuberance of each returning year, and all this in the face of aggravated and unnumbered sins, we may well exclaim, Herein is goodness! When we travel in thought to that dark land where

hope and opportunity are forever at an end, where death reigns in its most appalling forms, and nought is heard but the cries of tormented outcasts ; and when we think, that, throughout ages innumerable as the drops of rain, there will be no abatement of their sorrow and no dawn of hope on their despair, — we may well exclaim, Herein is justice ! When we contemplate that heaven where God sits in the midst of a rejoicing family, — “ a multitude which none can number, out of all tribes and kindreds and peoples and tongues and nations,” — where all is light and love, and into whose pure transparencies “ there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that loveth or maketh a lie, but only they whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life,” — we may well exclaim, Herein is holiness ! But it is when we turn to Calvary, and look at the Sufferer who there poured out his soul unto the death, amid tears and agonies and cries, and think that there the Son of God, himself the King eternal, immortal, and in-

visible, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, so that all the perfections of the Godhead were at once displayed and gloriously vindicated, that mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other, — it is then we reach the climax of the song, and say, “Herein is love! not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” Calvary is one blaze of love.

ANON.



### CALVARY A MOTIVE TO PENITENCE.

There have been developments in the histories of years of self-sacrificing affection, which has clung to the loved object amid hazard and suffering, and which has been ready to offer up life even in its behalf. Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, — what lovely episodes their histories give us amid a history of selfishness and sin! Men have canonized them, partly because such instances are rare,

and partly because they are like a dim hope of redemption looming from the ruins of the fall. We have it on inspired authority, indeed, "Greater love hath no man than this," — this is the highest point which man can compass, this is the culminating point of that affection which man can by possibility attain, the apex of his loftiest pyramid goes no higher than this, — "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend ; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." A brother has sometimes made notable efforts to retrieve a brother's fortunes, or to blanch his sullied honor ; but there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. A father has bared his breast to shield his offspring from danger, and a mother would gladly die for the offspring of her womb ; but a father's affection may fail in its strength, and yet more rarely a mother's in its tenderness.

" I saw an aged woman bowed  
'Mid weariness and care :  
Time wrote in sorrow on her brow,  
And 'mid her frosted hair.

What was it that like sunbeam clear  
 O'er her wan features ran,  
 As, pressing towards her deafened ear,  
 I named her absent son?

What was it? Ask a mother's breast,  
 Through which a fountain flows,  
 Perennial, fathomless, and blest,  
 By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,  
 Who hath decreed above,  
 What change should mark all earthly things  
 Except a mother's love!"

And "can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea: they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." O Jesus of Nazareth! who can declare thee? "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." Think of that love, — love which desertion could not abate; love which ingratitude could not abate, which treachery could not abate; love which death could not destroy; love, which, for creatures hateful and hating one another, stooped to incarnation, and suffered want, and embraced death, and shrank not even from



the loathsomeness and from the corruption of burial ; and then, with brimming eye, and heart that is full, and wonder “ Why such love to me ? ” you will indeed be ungrateful if you are not stirred by it to an energy of consecration and endeavor which may well seem intemperate zeal to the cool reckoners with worldly wisdom. Then take the other side of the argument, — take it as referring to your love to Christ, which the sense of his love has enkindled in the soul. The deepest affection in the believing heart will always be the love of Jesus. The love of home, the love of friends, the love of letters, the love of rest, the love of travel, and all else, are contracted by the side of this master passion. “ A little deeper,” said one of the veterans of the first Napoleon’s old guard, when they were probing in his bosom for a bullet that had mortally wounded him, and he thought they were getting somewhere in the region of the heart, — “ a little deeper, and you will find the emperor.” Engraven on the Christian’s heart, deeper than all other love of home or friends, with an in-

effaceable impression that nothing can erase, you find the loved name of Jesus. Oh! let this affection impel us, and who shall measure our diligence or repress our zeal? Love is not bound by rule; there is no law that can bind it; it is never below the precept: it is always up to the precept; but it always has a margin of its own. It does not calculate, with mathematical exactitude, with how little of obedience it can escape penalty and secure recompense. Like its Master, it gives in princely style; it is exuberant in its manifestations: there is always enough and to spare.

W. M. PUNSHON.





The Guilty at the Cross.





“ THIS is the command of God, That ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

‘ Oh ! believe the promise true,  
God to you his Son has given.’

“ Trust now in his precious blood, you are saved, and you shall see his face in heaven. Despair of being saved by feeling, since perfect feelings are impossible ; and a perfect knowledge of our own guilt is quite beyond our reach. Come, then, to Christ, hard-hearted as thou art, and take him to be the Saviour of thy hard heart. Come, poor, stony conscience, poor, icy soul, come as thou art : he will warm thee, he will melt thee.”

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

“ Never forget the three Whats : First, What from ? Secondly, What by ? and, thirdly, What to ? What from ?— Believers are redeemed from hell and destruction. What by ?— By the precious blood of Christ. What to ?— To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”— *Old Author.*





## The Guilty at the Cross.

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A CHRISTIAN minister visiting a pauper establishment, not long ago, in answer to a question asked her, heard a dying woman respond, with a solemn burst of praise, "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save us all poor sinners!" She was lying on a hard bed in the dreary infirmary-ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry, "You know him, then, and love him?" — "Yes, I do know him and love him. His presence makes a heaven of this room. If you heaped up my bed with gold

and silver," she added ; "if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, — I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying ; what will they be to me ? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."

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### THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder ; and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came

there with the desire to do him good, and to see him happy, and that the book he held in his hand contained the secret of all happiness. The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" For the moment, the visitor was too absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry; and it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones, "Tell me, oh! tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door, and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor

entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying: I am going to stand naked before God. I have been a wicked woman, — a very wicked woman, — all my life. I shall have to answer for every thing I have done;" and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," — she continued, — "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church; and I went in, I don't know what for. I was soon out again; but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is any thing about that blood in your book!" The



visitor answered by opening his Bible, and reading the first chapter of the first Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words ; and, when he paused, she exclaimed, " Read more, read more ! " He read the second chapter. A slight noise made him look round : the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room ; and, though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get his poor listener to consent that he should stop ; and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again next day. He never, from that time, missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterwards ; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral, he beckoned him to one side, as they were filling up the grave, and said, " Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I

should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it. Thus it breaks the heart of stone, which nothing else could touch, and turns the abandoned persecutor into the zealous teacher of Christianity.

LONDON RECORD.



### SAVED BY GRACE.

Here is the way we are pardoned. When we stand condemned by God's holy and just law, and loaded with the guilt of ten thousand sins charged against us by conscience, and by accusing devils, and by God's record, and dead, forever dead, then Jesus comes forward, examines the handwriting, confesses it to be in accordance with the ordinances of justice; all its indictments to be against us,

contrary to us, and fatal to us ; all our works, sacrifices, pleas, and excuses to be worthless ; our damnation to be just : but he takes the dark scroll “ out of the way,” or, as the original Greek more vividly expresses it, “ from the midst,” out of the circle of thronging and conflicting friends and enemies before the bar ; and, lifting it over their heads, “ There !” says he, “ it is satisfied : I have already paid the ransom for this poor lost soul ; it is cancelled forever.” And then he hangs it upon the nails which fastened high the accusation written, “ This is Jesus, the King of the Jews ” (not “ king,” or “ a king,” but “ *the* king ;” that is, the divinely appointed suffering Messiah, prophesied in the Jewish Scriptures, and given first to the Jews, who should be pierced and wounded for our transgressions, — the Son of God bearing the sins of man) ; or he hangs it upon the nails from which dropped his own atoning blood, that thus trickled down over the parchment, and watches one by one the items crimsoned over so as to be illegible, and the black writing blotted out so as to be never seen again. Oh

the shriek of joy that shall burst from our pallid and trembling lips ! the gladness that shall kindle over all the face that was haggard and wet with terror ! the strength that shall return to the death-stricken frame !  
“ You that were dead hath he quickened.”

But is the joy and the triumph to be ours alone ? No ! The triumphant Redeemer looks round at the grim, black, disappointed crew of hell that had thirsted like wolves for our blood. There they stand, defeated, their prey snatched from their very jaws. They knew that all the sins, many and great as they were, of that soul, had been more than paid for on Calvary ; and many a superadded railing accusation had they made about the restored one and about his glorious Lord. What shall be their doom ? The law is plain. “ If the witness be a false witness, and hath testified falsely against his brother, then shall ye do to him as he had thought to have done unto his brother.” And again, “ A false witness shall perish.” “ Thine eye shall not pity ; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for

foot," "burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." And then, as malefactors were stripped and bound, and dragged away to prison and scourging and torture, and finally to death ; so Christ "spoils," or literally "strips," the mightiest and the proudest of these principalities, as once, through their servants, "they stripped him," and "mocked him," and "spat upon him," and "smote him upon the head," and "scourged him," and "set up over his head his accusation written, THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS." Then they triumphed : now he triumphs. How ? "Triumphing in it." In what ? Why, in that very "cross." "His accusation" was that He was "Jesus," our Saviour, and our "King." He nailed our guilt with his body on that cross. That cross now bears the same triumphant title, then made his shame, now made his glory. Then they cried, "He saved others, himself he cannot save ;" "if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Now he "makes a show of them openly," convinces them of the mistake so

terrible to themselves, proves his infinite dignity even in that hour of shame, proves the success of that eternal purpose to make peace between God and man, and the depth and height of that love which won him to sacrifice himself for us.

W. SPEER (China).



### STRENGTH GIVEN.

Though the heavens above be dark,  
 Though the waves beat o'er the bark,  
 Though the thunders loudly roar,  
 Though the mist be on the shore,  
 He, thy Master, walks before thee,  
 Angel forms are bending o'er thee.  
 Haste to prayer, and bow the knee :  
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Are there thoughts thou wouldst not name ?  
 Doth trembling seize thy shaking frame ?  
 Fearful one, hast thou forgot  
 What must be the Christian's lot ?  
 Forget'st thou One whose boundless power  
 Can sustain in peril's hour ?  
 One whose hand is stretched to thee ?  
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Doth the way to heaven appear  
Steep and narrow, full of fear,  
Through the perils of the way,  
Secret foes or battle's fray ?  
These can all be put to flight  
In armor of the sons of light.  
Hear him : " Place thy trust in me ;"  
And, " As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Are thy thoughts on things below,  
Fading like the sunset glow ?  
Deceiving hopes, or pleasures fled,  
The vanished, or the early dead ?  
Earthly love, or worthless toys,  
What are these to heavenly joys ?  
In God's heaven thy treasure see :  
" As thy day, thy strength shall be."

DR. BONAR.

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### WEARINESS AND REST.

Saviour, I come to thee,  
A weary child, with pain and care oppressed.  
Oh, let me lean this aching, burdened heart  
Upon thy loving breast !

The way is very dark :  
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my fears.  
Take thou my hand, and draw me up to thee,  
Through all the lonely years.

I have no strength, dear Lord.  
Oh, let me lie where I can touch thy feet,  
And gaze up from the dust into thine eyes,  
That are so true and sweet.

And come, oh come to me !  
And raise me to thine arms, and teach me there  
The strange, deep secrets of thy love, and bend  
To listen to my prayer.

Speak to me soft and low.  
My spirit yearneth for one little word  
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life, —  
One word from thee, my Lord.

Speak to me, O my God !  
There are sweet voices falling on my ear,  
Long known, long loved ; but in my inmost soul  
Their tones I cannot hear.

But thou wilt speak to me ;  
And, as the river falls into the sea  
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart  
Shall find its rest in thee.

EPISCOPALIAN.







The Doubting at the Cross.





A THEOLOGICAL student once called on Dr. Archibald Alexander, in great distress of mind, doubting whether he had been converted. The doctor encouraged him to open his mind. After he was through, the aged disciple, laying his hand on his head, said, "My young brother, you know what repentance is, — what faith in Christ is. You think you once repented, and once believed. Now, don't fight your doubts : go all over it again. Repent now, believe in Christ now : that's the way to have a consciousness of acceptance with God. I have to do both very often. Go to your room, and give yourself to Christ this moment, and let doubts go. If you have not been his disciple, be one *now*. Don't fight the Devil on his own ground. Choose the ground of Christ's righteousness and atonement, and then fight him."

"Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sand on the seashore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather ! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck ; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying."

*Dr. Chalmers.*





## The Doubting at the Cross.

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THERE are few souls that are not more or less oppressed with doubts. They steal unbidden into the mind, and fall down like beads of ice upon the heart. But before the cross they die. Waiting there, the soul feels the gracious spirit of faith filling it with a divine life. Unbelief has no longer any room there, and the sunlight of calm and holy trust spreads over the whole life.

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## SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Blest Saviour ! if I'm thine,  
Scatter my doubts away,  
And on this darkened soul of mine  
Pour beams of heavenly day.

Give me some taste of heaven  
While in this vale of tears ;  
Some opening gleams and transports even  
Of beatific years ;

Some splendors of thy throne  
To gild this dreary land ;  
Some visions of the golden crown  
Prepared at thy right hand ;

Some nectar.drops of joy,  
Which angels cannot taste,  
As I lie down at last to die  
Upon my Saviour's breast.

Some streams of heavenly light  
To illumine death's dark vale ;  
While sainted friends, all clothed in white,  
And beckoning seraphs, hail.

Then will I lay my crown  
At my Redeemer's feet,  
And raise the loudest, sweetest song  
In all that world of light.

Victorious pæans break  
From all the ransomed throng ;  
And Gabriel leans upon his harp,  
Astonished at the song.

REV. DORUS CLARKE.

FAITH A LIFE.

How unspeakably important it is for all to learn this simple lesson, that a man cannot *retain* the Christian character with the one first act of trust by which he is justified ! He must perpetuate that act. His heart must continually repeat the language of its first faith, —

“ Lord, I am lost,  
But Christ hath died.”

If a man falls overboard at sea, and a life-buoy is thrown to him, he is not saved if he grasps that life-buoy for a moment or two, and then lets it float away. No ! he must grasp it firmly. He must rest upon it, hold on to it amid the roaring waters until his ship-mates come to his relief. It is so with Christ. Sinking into hell, I cry to God for help. He gives me Jesus, his crucified Son. “ Trust in him,” he says. My sinking spirit reaches after that Saviour. It grasps him, and feels safe. So far well. But if I let him go, and say, “ I am deceived : Christ is not *my*

Saviour," I begin to sink again. The waters gather round my soul. I must, then, hold on. Every moment I must believe ; and then I shall retain my peace, and live what is appropriately called a "*life of faith.*"

There is no truth in the Scriptures more earnestly taught than the necessity of a constant and ever-living faith. Paul calls a Christian life, "*the fight of faith.*" Wherefore? Because this ever-repeated trust in Christ is the only defence a child of God has against the weapons of his destroyer. It is for the same reason called "*the shield of faith.*" Backsliding is called "*casting away of faith or confidence,*" while to "*keep the faith*" is accounted the highest success of a believer. In short, every act of obedience, every acceptable duty, every sin subdued, every conquest won, every onward step taken, and every blessing gained in answer to prayer, the Scriptures ascribe to *faith*. I must believe always, instantly.

The real question, therefore, for the young Christian to ask, is, "Do I now exercise a real faith in Christ?" If to this he can

answer, "Yes," he can well afford to let the question of the reality of his past experience alone. It may be *interesting* to know when one first realized the blessings of the gospel. It is not, however, important. *The* question is, "Do I now believe?"

I have been at sea. A sail has hove in sight. The cry of "Sail, ho!" from some vigilant watcher has brought all on board to the taffrail. A short gaze at the horizon has revealed the dim form of a ship to every eye. All have seen something — they call it a ship — many miles distant. Very soon, some have declared her class, whether ship or brig, merchant vessel or man-of-war. But to others she remained longer undefined; and it would be long before every eye could discern what had been visible to others at almost their first glance. Differing in opinion as to her class, they yet all agreed in the fact, — *they saw a ship.*

It is thus with believers in Christ. They see him with different degrees of faith. To one, his form is full and distinct. Like Stephen, he cries, "I see the heavens opened,

and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." To another he is visible, but involved in a dim cloud as yet. Firm of heart, that believer cries, "I know in whom I have believed." By a third he is seen, but scarcely recognized. "My heart burns within me," he exclaims, as did the disciples at Emmaus ; and yet he dares not believe that he sees his Lord.

When a disciple of the latter class hears the testimony of one of the former class, he is disposed to doubt his own faith, and to deny that he sees his Lord at all. This is wrong, fatally wrong. It is even foolish. What if among the gazers at the ship we just now described, one of them, who could not decide her quality when all the rest could see her to be a brig, should therefore say he saw no ship at all. Because he could not see as clearly as they, should he therefore say he could not see at all ? You smile at his supposed folly ; yet the case is that of the man, who, because he cannot as yet see so much of his Lord's glory and beauty as his fellow-



disciple, denies the reality of what he does see.

This should not be. Faith has degrees. One believer grasps the promise with a giant's strength, another clasps it with the weakness of a babe. Yet the faith of one is as real as the faith of the other ; and as the babe's strength will increase with its growth, so will faith strengthen by exercise. And he who to-day considers himself the weakest of Christ's disciples may scripturally expect to have a faith as strong as Stephen's, as victorious as Paul's.

Hold on, then, lamb of the flock, to thy faith. Be afraid to doubt, for doubt is presumption. To doubt is to deny God, to contradict the word of his grace. He has said it,—he cannot lie: if you believe, you shall be saved. Then it must be so. To cast yourself on Christ, and to say in your heart, "God will not accept me," is an act of terrible wickedness. Do not for your soul's sake commit it. But stand on his promise. Say, God has promised ; I believe I will be accepted. Let no thought of a stony heart,

a want of feeling, or any thing else, hinder thee. Thou art not to be saved for having feelings, or tenderness of spirit, but because Christ died. ANON.



### COMFORT FOR THE DOUBTING.

O Holy Comforter !

I hear

Thy blessed name with throbbing heart,  
Pressed oft with sorrow, sin, and fear,  
And pierced with many a venomed dart ;  
Come, Messenger divine,  
Come, cheer this heart of mine.

O Holy Comforter !

I know

Thou art not to dull sense revealed :  
Thou com'st unseen as the sweet flow  
Of the soft wind that woos the field.  
Breathe, Messenger divine,  
Breathe on this soul of mine.

O Holy Comforter !

Thy light

Is light eternal and serene :

Shine thou, and on my ravished sight  
Visions shall break of things unseen.  
Come, Messenger divine,  
Make these bright glimpses mine.

O Holy Comforter !  
Thy love  
O'erfloweth as the flooding sea :  
Give me its tenderness to prove,  
Visions shall break of things unseen.  
Come, Messenger divine,  
Make these bright glimpses mine.

O Holy Comforter !  
Thy grace  
Is life and help and hope and power :  
By this I can each cross embrace,  
Can triumph in the darkest hour.  
Come, Messenger divine,  
The strength of grace be mine.

O Holy Comforter !  
Thy peace,  
The peace of God, impart, and keep  
Unruffled till life's tumults cease,  
And all its angry tempests sleep.  
Come, Messenger divine,  
Thy perfect peace be mine.

## CONQUERING FAITH.

But two instances are recorded in which Jesus passed an approving judgment, and looked with an admiring regard, upon the faith of those who came to him ; and it is remarkable that they are those of the two Gentiles, — the Roman centurion and the Syro-Phœnician woman. “ Verily,” said he of the one, “ I have not found so great faith, — no, not in Israel ! ” “ Woman,” said he to the other, “ great is thy faith ! ”

Great faith was needed in those who were the first to force the barrier that ages had thrown up between Jew and Gentile ; and great faith in these instances was displayed. Of the two, however, that of the purely Gentile woman was the highest in its character and the noblest in its achievements.

The Roman’s faith was in the unlimitedness of Christ’s power, — a power he believed so great, that, even as he said to his soldiers, “ Go ! ” and they went ; “ Come ! ” and they came ; “ Do this ! ” and they did it, — so could Jesus say to disease and life and

death ; curing at a distance, saving by the simple word of his power ! The faith of the Canaanite was not simply in the unlimitedness of Christ's power. His power she never for a moment doubted. He had no reason to say to her, *Believest thou that I am able to do this ?* But his willingness he gave her himself some reason to doubt. Thousands placed as she was would have doubted ; thousands tried as she was would have failed. Which of us has a faith in Jesus of which we are quite sure that it would come through such a conflict unscathed ? In her it never seems for a moment to have faltered. In front of his mysterious, unexampled silence ; of the explanation given of that silence that appeared to exclude ; beneath the sentence that assigned her a place among the dogs, — her faith lived on, with a power in it to penetrate the folds of that dark mantle which the Lord for a short season drew around him ; to know and see that behind the assumed veil of coldness, silence, indifference, repulse, reproach, there beat the willing, loving heart, upon whose boundless benevolence she casts

herself, trusting, and not afraid. This was her confidence, that there was more love in that heart to her than the outward conduct of Jesus might seem to indicate. It was that confidence which sustained her from first to last. It was that confidence which carried her over all the obstructions thrown successively before her. It was that confidence which sharpened her wit, and gave her courage to snatch out of Christ's own hand the weapon by which her last and greatest victory was won. It was that confidence in him, in spite of all adverse appearances, which pleased the Lord so much, — for he likes, as we all do, to be trusted in, — and which drew from him the unwonted expression at once of approval and admiration, "O woman, great is thy faith!" It is the same kind of simple trust in Jesus that we need; and in us, too, if we but had it in like degree, it would accomplish like blessed results. What the silence and the sentences of Jesus were to that entreating woman, crying after Jesus to have her poor child cured, his ways and his dealings, in providence and in grace,

are to us crying after him for the healing of our own or others' spiritual maladies. We cry, but he answers not a word; we entreat, but he turns upon us a frowning countenance; when he speaks, his words seem to cut us off from comfort and from help. But deal as he may with us, hide himself as he may, speak roughly as he may, let us still believe that there beats in that heart of the Redeemer a love to us upon which we can at all times cast ourselves in full, unbounded trust.

“Woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.”

DR. HANNA.



### INTERCESSION.

Not yet, his ministry of love complete,  
Rests our Redeemer in his throne on high;  
But bearing still a lost world on his heart,  
And still remembering of the cross its smart,  
Above the sky  
An Intercessor pleads, for you and I!

Swift glance those eyes that are "a flame of  
fire ;"

Ne'er could we sinners dare approach so nigh  
That great white throne to see, though bowed in  
prayer ;

While rolling thunders waken justice there  
To spurn our cry :

Did Christ not also plead for you and I !

But sweet the thought to every heart oppressed  
Through battle with the foe, " If any sin  
We have an Advocate " with the Just One,  
Who'll turn his wrath because he loves the Son,

Give grace to win,  
And help till through that grace we enter in.

Most precious Mediator ! grant that we  
From thy rich fulness may receive supply  
Whene'er we struggle in the fight, or kneel  
Thy sympathizing, strengthening aid to feel :

E'en till we die,  
Remembering thou art pleading in the sky !

REV. G. G. PHIPPS.





## DOUBT DISPELLED.

Notice for your comfort some of the ways in which the Lord of love banishes the midnight of the soul. Sometimes he removes all gloom by *the sun of his providence*. He bids prosperity shine into the window of the hovel, and the poor grow rich ; he lifts the beggar from the dung-hill, and sitteth him among princes. The wings of angels bear healing to the sick ; and the man long tossing on his bed walks forth to breathe the pure, sweet air so long denied him. The great Arbiter of all events doth but turn the wheel of fortune, and those who were lowest are highest, — the last are the first, and the first are the last. He can do the same for any of us, both in temporals and in spirituals, if so it seemeth him good. He hath but to ordain it so, and our poverty will be exchanged for plenty. Our Lord often cheers his people with *the moon of their experience*, which shines with borrowed light, but yet with a brightness calm and tranquil, well-beloved by the sons of sorrow. He bids us recollect

the days of old, and our spirit maketh diligent search : we find that he has never left his people, neither to ourselves hath he been treacherous. We remember when we were in a like case to the present ; we note that we were well sustained, and ultimately delivered ; and so we are encouraged to believe that to-day shall be as the past, and yet more abundantly. Frequently our heavenly Father cheers his children by *a sight of Jesus going before*. That defile between overhanging rocks is so dark ! I, a poor timid child, shrink back from it ; but how is my courage restored as I see Jesus bearing the lantern of his love, and going before me into the thick darkness ! Hark ! I hear him say, " Follow me ;" and, while he speaks, I perceive a light streaming from his sacred person ; every thorn of his crown gleams like a star ; the jewels of his breastplate flash like lamps, and his wounds gleam with celestial splendor. " Fear not," saith he, " for in all your afflictions I have been afflicted. I was tempted in all points like as you are, though without sin." Who can tell the

encouragement given to the heir of heaven by the fact that the elder brother has passed through all the dark passages which lead to the promised rest! God had one Son without sin, but he never had a son without chastisement. He who always did his Father's will, yet had to suffer. Courage, my heart, courage! for if Jesus suffered — if that pang which tears thy heart, first was felt by him — thou mayst be of good cheer indeed.

Better still is the comfort derived from the grand truth that Jesus is actually present in the daily afflictions of believers. Jesus knocks at my door, and says, "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards!" I look forth from the window into the cold and dreary night, and I answer him, "The night is black and cheerless. I have put off my coat: how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet: how shall I defile them? I cannot arise and follow thee."

But the Beloved is not to be thus refused : he knocks again, and he saith, " Come forth with me into the fields ; let us lodge in the villages : there will I give thee my loves." Overcome by his love, I arise, and go with my heavenly Bridegroom. If the rain-drops fall pitilessly upon me, yet it is most sweet to see that his head also is filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. The howling wind tosses his garments as well as mine ; his feet tread the same miry places as my own ; and all the while he calls me his beloved, his love, his dove, his undefiled, and tells me of the land which lies beyond the darkness, and speaks of the mountains of myrrh and of the beds of spices, the top of Amana, Shenir, and Hermon. My soul is melted while my Beloved speaks, and my heart feels it sweet beyond expression to walk with him ; for, lo ! while he is near me, the night is lit up with innumerable stars, the sky is aglow with glory, every cloud flames like a seraph's wing, while the pitiless blast is all unable to chill the heart which burns within while he talketh with me

by the way. In after-years we are wont to speak to one another of that dark night and its marvellous brightness ; of that cold wind that was so strangely tempered ; and we even say to one another, "I would fain pass through a thousand nights in such company ; I would be willing to go on a midnight journey evermore with that dearest of friends, for, oh ! where he is, night is day ; in his presence suffering is joy ; when he reveals himself, pains are pleasures, and earth blossoms with flowers of Eden." Thus doth the Well-beloved by his presence make our darkness light.

C. H. SPURGEON.



I AM CHRIST'S, AND CHRIST IS  
MINE.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain home.  
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast  
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come.  
With him I found a home, a rest divine ;  
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes : he is mine ! and nought of earthly things,  
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or  
     power,  
 The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,  
     Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.  
 Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !  
 Go ! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied ;  
 The ill is only what he deems the best :  
 He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,  
     And poor without him, though of all possess'd.  
 Changes may come : I take, or I resign ;  
 Content while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen ;  
 A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines,  
 Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,  
     And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.  
 All may depart : I fret not nor repine,  
 While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,  
     Reclaims me wandering, guards from every  
     foe,  
 Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,  
     Which, in return, before his feet I throw,

Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine  
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half his love,  
But half discern him, and but half adore ;  
But, when I meet him in the realms above,  
I hope to love him better, praise him more,  
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

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### TRUSTING BETTER THAN TRYING.

“Come unto me,” said Christ, “and I will give you rest.” Every believer in Christ knows how profoundly true these words are. Even the souls who have not yet trusted in him feel their power. Our spirits instinctively confess their relationship to the divine Brother. They turn to him as the magnetic needle turns to its pole ; and, when not held away by other forces, they settle to rest in him. He is not only the Consolation of Israel, but the Desire of all nations. He is our peace ; and we own the blessed truth, even before we experience its fulness in our souls.

And this rest, which comes of our trusting in Christ, is not stagnation, not a death-like lethargy : it is superabounding life, the harmonious, and therefore still and peaceful, movement of all our spiritual powers. The evil of our striving after holiness in our own strength arises from the fact that we have fallen away from God. All action, while we continue in that estrangement, is abnormal. The spiritual mechanism is thrown out of gear, and out of connection with its true source of motion. Hence the more activity it has, the more is it only broken, and reduced to chaos. This is the agitation which pervades the soul before it trusts ; but when it trusts in the Mediator, then is the connection between it and God restored. Then do all its functions, like well-adjusted wheels, proceed smoothly and in due order. Christ, the central Sun, does not hold the planets motionless, but causes them to move peacefully in their appointed orbits.

Thus it is that Christ becomes the divine Healer, the great Physician of our souls. He stills their discord, not by repressing any



want, but by putting them in tune. He restores them to that state of health without which all their activity can end only in disorder and death. Their rest in him is therefore the fulness and overflow of spiritual life. There is one kind of stillness which we recognize as the sign of death ; another kind which we know to be the attendant of beauty and growing life. The process is peaceful and noiseless by which the germ rises out of the ground into the blade, and then ascends, through the ear, into the full corn in the ear. Look forth on a summer landscape, when all the millions of leaves and blossoms, the great and small trees, and the plants that flourish but a season, are swelling with the life they receive from the sun. How still that landscape is ! How peaceful ! How one is calmed by looking upon it, and resting with it, in its full and unfolding life ! Thus does the soul rest in Christ. Its repose is not death, but life and health and peace. Its fibres knit themselves in his infinite heart of love ; and throughout all its frame a spiritual vigor is felt stealing

in ; and it rests and grows and blooms, and bears fruit in its season. It bears what Christ meant when he said that the light in him was the life of men, — what he meant when he said, “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”

While out of Christ, trying in our own strength to be true men and women, we resemble a seed driven before the wind. We are tossed up and down ; we find no congenial soil ; we are not allowed to rest anywhere long enough to germinate. But as soon as we are in Christ, by the quiet surrender of our souls to his keeping, we resemble that same seed planted by the rivers of water. Not tossed to and fro any longer, but sending out our root by the river, our leaf doth not wither ; and, in all our aspirations after conformity to God, we prosper. O thou famished, prone, world-ridden soul ! there are possibilities in thee of which thou makest small account. They slumber in the grave of a carnal life ; and human strength can but roll away the stone from the

door of the sepulchre. Only as Christ comes, and speaks the life-giving word out of his heart to thine, shalt thou indeed live, and come forth into the freedom of the sons of God.

“Cast your deadly doing down, —  
Down at Jesus' feet ;  
Stand in him alone,  
Glorious and complete.”

J. M. MANNING, D.D.



## GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber  
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not  
tell ?

Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember  
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well.  
God knows it all !

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,  
And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails ?  
Oh think amid the waves of tribulation,  
When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge fails,  
God knows it all !

And dost thou sin, thy deeds of shame conceal-  
ing

In some dark spot no human eye can see,  
Then walk in pride, without one sigh revealing  
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee ?  
God knows it all !

Art thou opprest and poor and heavy-hearted,  
The heavens above thee in thick clouds ar-  
rayed,  
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength  
imparted,

No friendly voice to say, " Be not afraid " ? —  
God knows it all !

Art thou a mourner ? are thy tear-drops flowing  
For one so early lost to earth and thee,  
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,  
Which moan in secret, like the moaning sea ?  
God knows it all !

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning ?  
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot ?  
There's one who sees the end from the begin-  
ning :  
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.  
God knows it all !

Then go to God ! Pour out your hearts before  
him !

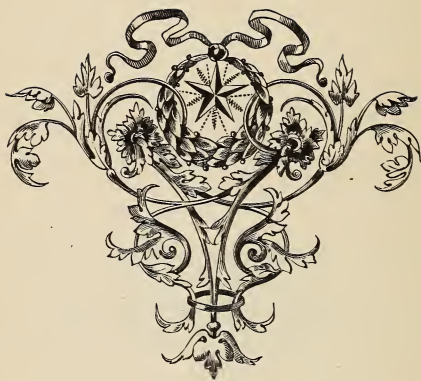
There is no grief your Father cannot feel ;  
And let your grateful songs of praise adore  
him, —

To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.

God knows it all !

ANON.







The Mourner at the Cross.





“THE cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore ; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

“Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city make no account of present losses and crosses.

“Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb : it is the highway to glory ; but when you see him in his own country, at home, you will think you never saw him before.

“More than Christ I can neither wish nor pray nor desire for you. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not the half of what we love when we love him.

“That Christ and the sinners should be one, and should share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation ; what more could love do ?

“I find that when the saints are under trials, and well humble, little sin raises great cries in the conscience ; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful as the crown will be glorious.”







## The Mourner at the Cross.

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SORROW is a part of human experience. It will never cease out of the world. As long as man inhabits the globe in his present sinful condition there will be misery,—sorrow on the sea and on the land. True religion is seen in its power to lift the soul above sorrow, and give it endurance and faith. And religion often appears most beautiful in times of sorrow. It is seen then as a lamp in a dark night. “I would not give much for your religion,” says Spurgeon, “unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk; but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So

let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious."



### LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, "lean hard,"  
 And let me feel the pressure of thy care.  
 I know thy burden, child. I shaped it,  
 Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion  
 In its weight to thine unaided strength ;  
 For, even as I laid it on, I said,  
 " I shall be near, and while she leans on me  
 This burden shall be mine, not hers :  
 So shall I keep my child within the circling  
 arms  
 Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear  
 To impose it on a shoulder which upholds  
 The government of worlds. Yet closer come :  
 Thou art not near enough ; I would embrace thy  
 care,  
 So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.  
 Thou lovest me? I knew it. Doubt not, then,  
 But, loving me, LEAN HARD.

MARY IN TEARS.

“Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.”—John xx. 17.

It must have been with rapturous delight that Mary recognized the voice of her adorable Lord and Saviour. I have no doubt it was the expression of that delight, in seeking to lay hold on Christ, and to detain him, that gave rise to what is stated here, and to the words of our Lord. Mary was in great distress. Nobody can tell what she must have suffered from the time of the crucifixion until she saw the Lord again. Early in the morning of the first day of the week, she came to pay her last token of deep affection to Jesus,—she came to embalm the body. So little did she know about the resurrection, that she came to attend the dead body in the sepulchre: she came to embalm it, to keep it there; and, when she came, the body was not there. “They have taken away the Lord,” she said, “out of the sep-

ulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Here was her distress. Her soul was broken down. "They have taken away the Lord," so she said; and she remained there gazing into the sepulchre, completely broken-hearted, with her eyes dimmed with tears. It would seem that she scarcely saw or knew who the angels were that spoke to her. Angels spoke to her; but she seems scarcely to have taken any notice of them. Christ spoke to her; but she seems not to have taken notice of him, thinking he was the gardener. "Jesus is taken away," she says, "and no man will tell me where I can find him;" until at last Jesus says in his own voice, "Mary, why weepest thou?"

She thought she had cause enough to weep. Yet *was* there cause to weep? Had she had her own way, how would it have been? Ah! what grand mistakes we do make! Had she found the dead body of Jesus, she would not have wept; but, because the dead body was not there, she *did* weep. Had she found the body, she might well have wept. If Jesus be not risen, there is an end of the whole

matter ; we are yet in our sins : then have all who have died in Christ perished. But now is Jesus risen, to become the first-fruits of them that slept. Had she found the dead body, I say, she might have wept, — wept in the loss of all that is precious, wept in the ruin of every hope, ay, wept in the absence of all light for time and eternity. You and I weep very often, and weep for the very thing we ought to rejoice about, and we rejoice over the very thing that will prove our curse. Oh ! let us learn to be taught by God in every thing. If Mary had learned more what Jesus had taught, if she had understood the Scripture, that he would have risen from the dead, the vacant sepulchre would be the greatest cause for rejoicing, instead of weeping, and she would have sung to the praise of Almighty God. But the sepulchre was empty : that was enough for her. She did not wait to ask how it was empty, or why it was empty, or where he was gone. She had sought her Lord there : her Lord was not there, and her heart was filled with overwhelming sorrow. One can quite understand,

that being the case, as it certainly was, that when Jesus spoke to her, and she recognized the voice of her precious Lord, the first thing she would do would be to seek to embrace him, to lay hold of him. This is exactly what she did: she sought at once to embrace him. "Touch me not," said Jesus. The meaning of the word is more than touch: it means to lay hold of. "Do not lay hold of me; I am not yet risen." It admits of that. "I have not yet ascended; the time has not come for that; don't be in a hurry, I am going to remain; go and tell my disciples so and so." That is the explanation of these circumstances. "Go and tell my disciples that I ascend to my God and your God, to my Father and your Father."

REV. CASPAR MOLYNEUX.



### IN THE DARK.

Look on me, Thou who hast all creatures made,  
 And in thy boundless love upholdest them, —  
 On me, a child, who in the dark, afraid,  
 Am reaching forth to grasp thy garment's hem.

Thy heart is full of love : oh, give me light !  
The shadows come between thy face and me ;  
And trembling, shrinking, in this ghostly night,  
I call aloud, O Son of God, on thee !

Exorcise thou the dread that haunts me so,  
The demon whisperings of fear and doubt ;  
Thy strong and loving arms about me throw,  
And bear me thus from this long blackness out.

I touch thy robe ; I clasp thy wounded hand :  
Dear Christ of God, thou dost not turn away !  
Leaning against thy heart, I understand  
How thou wilt lead me to the perfect day.

UNA LOCKE.



### THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

To a mind outwardly instructed, but not inwardly taught of the Spirit, God, our best Judge, seems to stand at an inaccessible distance in the highest heaven. From that height Christ the Mediator seems to descend on our behalf, and take up his position on an intermediate stage, half way between heaven and earth. Thence he beckons us to come,

and promises to save. But though he seems nearer to us than heaven, and willing to receive us when we reach his standing-place, there is still between him and us a great gulf, which we cannot pass. We have not the wings of a dove, whereon we might fly to him, and be at rest. Although he engages to carry us all the way to heaven after we have climbed up to him, we cannot climb up to him, and so lie down despairing. Clogged by the body, and sticking fast in the thick clay of earthly cares, we never once get up into that region where Jesus seems to stand, where we keep him standing.

What then? The dupes of the Romish priesthood call upon Mary and Peter, and other more doubtful saints, to come and help them over and up to Christ. As the poor, shivering child stands on the gulf's brim, and sees Jesus at a hopeless distance on the other side, saints of various name and character approach, and undertake to bear the trembler over. Those who throw themselves into these outstretched arms sink through into the pit. The saint was nothing but a



shadow, — the shadow of a name. But what of us who know full well that these manifold mediators are unsubstantial phantoms? What of us who intelligently demand credentials, and refuse to leap for life into the embrace of deceivers? We detect and distrust the false offer of help; but, without help, we cannot lift ourselves up to a lofty, distant Saviour. What then? Then stand still, and see the salvation of God. Lo! he comes, — he comes over and down to us. He stands where we stand; he looks into our faces; he stretches out his arms; he clasps us to his breast. He does not remain distant, ready to receive us after we have by our own energy raised ourselves to yonder height of spiritual attainment. He comes near to bear us first from our low estate up to that height, and afterwards beyond it, all the way to heaven. He will work the first part of our redemption, and the last. He will do all. He does not wait for those who can escape from the trammels of earth, and arise into the region of the spiritual: he descends to the level of mere humanity, and

folds in his everlasting love those who lie groaning there. "Jesus wept." I could not spare that word from my Bible any more than I could spare the incarnation or the intercession. What although he had done divinely all the work, except a little portion at the lower end? Unable to do that little for myself, the greater, higher part accomplished would have been of no avail to me. What although he had come, and come to save, all the way from the Godhead down to the spiritual regions in the higher strata of humanity? Sunk and loaded as I was, I could not have soared thither to meet him there. He has come the whole way down to us. "Lo, I am with you always." Look unto Jesus. Behold, he weeps, and weeps with a sister at a brother's grave. He does not reserve all his concern for our sins: he lavishes his sympathy also upon our sorrows. No chasm remains which we must pass alone on our way to Christ. He is *God with us*.

In the life of Jesus, as recorded for us by the Spirit, there are two weepings. Twice

in the body, and on the earth, the man Jesus Christ shed tears ; but in neither case were they shed for himself. Not in Gethsemane, not on the cross, did Jesus weep. Both the sorrows were for our sakes ; but they differed widely from each other. When he drew near Jerusalem, and beheld the city, he wept over it : when he saw a bereaved sister mourning for a dead brother, he wept with her. The one weeping was for human guilt : the other was for human sorrow. The one marks his divine compassion for the sinful : the other, his human sympathy with the sufferer. Each is precious in its own place, but the places are widely diverse. The two examples exhibit different qualities of the Saviour, and meet different necessities of men. His compassion for sinners, manifested in his tears over Jerusalem, is a link in the chain by which we are saved, but it is an upper link : his sorrow with a sister beside a brother's grave is a link lower down, and therefore nearer us. His pity for me as a sinner shows that he is great and good : his weeping with me in my sorrow shows that his

greatness and goodness are within my reach. When I could not arise to meet him in the region of his own spiritual compassion, he has bowed down to meet me in my natural weakness. I could not rise to lay hold of him, but he bends to take hold of me. Standing where I stand, and weeping when I weep, he enters by the openings which grief has made into my heart, and gently makes it all his own.

DR. ARNOT.



### THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

What to that for which we're waiting  
 Is this glittering, earthly toy?  
 Heavenly glory, holy splendor,  
 Sum of grandeur, sum of joy!  
 Not the gems that time can tarnish;  
 Not the hues that dim and die;  
 Not the glow that cheats the lover,  
 Shaded with mortality.  
 Heir of glory,  
 That shall be for thee and me.

Not the light that leaves us darker ;  
Not the gleams that come and go ;  
Not the mirth whose end is madness ;  
Not the joy whose fruit is woe ;  
Not the notes that die at sunset ;  
Not the fashion of a day ;  
But the everlasting beauty,  
And the endless melody.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me.

City of the pearl-bright portal,  
City of the jasper wall,  
City of the golden pavement,  
Seat of endless festival,  
City of Jehovah, Salem,  
City of eternity,  
To thy bridal halls of gladness  
From this prison would I flee.  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me.

Ah ! with such strange spells around me,  
Fairest of what earth calls fair,  
How I need thy fairer image  
To undo the syren snare,  
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter  
Lure me with his radiant lie,

As if sin were sin no longer,  
 Life were no more vanity !  
     Heir of glory,  
 What is that to thee and me ?

Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,  
 My low spirit to upbear ;  
 Yes, I need thee, earth's enchantments  
     So beguile me with their glare.  
 Let me see thee, then, these fetters  
     Break asunder : I am free.  
 Then this pomp no longer claims me :  
     Faith has won the victory.  
     Heir of glory,  
 That shall be for thee and me.

Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,  
 Nor excess of brilliance palls,  
 Salem, city of the holy,  
     We shall be within thy walls :  
 There, beside yon crystal river ;  
     There, beneath life's wondrous tree ;  
 There, with nought to cloud or sever, —  
     Ever with the Lamb to be.  
     Heir of glory,  
 That shall be for thee and me.

DR. BONAR.

### JESUS WEPT.

There is an ocean of meaning in these tears. They went with power to the hearts of the by-standers. They drew Martha and Mary to the Saviour as they had never been drawn before. And were they ever forgotten by any who saw them coursing their way down his cheeks? No. They spake a language that was heard in Jerusalem and in Judæa, and whithersoever any of this company that stood round the grave of Lazarus wandered in their subsequent pilgrimage. In all their vicissitudes through life,—in business, in pleasure, in joy, or in sorrow,—whenever the name of Jesus was heard, these tears, with their soft and touching language, came up to allay the raging passions of the soul, to cheer the desponding heart, and to comfort the afflicted mourner. They opened to them a new world of admiration, love, and devotion: for they laid bare the matchless human heart of Jesus; they revealed a soul there alive to every tender emotion, strung to every chord of sympathy and affection, and touched with every human woe.

And are not those tears still speaking? Who has not been drawn towards Jesus, as he has reflected, "Behold how he loved *him!*" And am I not a sinner, as Lazarus was? May I not be the friend of Jesus, as Lazarus was? Am I not a man, as Lazarus was? Has he not invited me with as much cordiality and earnestness to make my cause his care, as he ever could have done Lazarus? Then why should I hesitate to go to him for what my soul needs? I will arise, and go.

If the history of souls saved from ruin could be written, more would be found to have been drawn to the Saviour by these exhibitions of his kindness, condescension, love, and sympathy, springing from the heart of a true man, than by all the terrors of the law. There is something in them so attractive, that the heart that is not touched by them, when properly presented, must be callous indeed. Hence that presentation of Christ is most effectual that keeps these lovely traits of his character prominently in view.

PRESBYTERIAN.



“LOOKING OFF UNTO JESUS.”

Oh, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more :  
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,  
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no  
night.

“Looking off unto Jesus,” my eyes cannot see  
The troubles and dangers that throng around  
me :

They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.

“Looking off unto Jesus,” my spirit is blest :  
In the world I have turmoil ; in him I have  
rest :

The sea of my life all about me may roar ;  
When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no more.

“Looking off unto Jesus,” I go not astray :  
My eyes are on him, and he shows me the way.  
The path may seem dark, as he leads me along ;  
But, following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

“Looking off unto Jesus,” my heart cannot fear :  
Its trembling is still, when I see Jesus near.  
I know that his power my safeguard will be ;  
For “Why are ye troubled ?” he saith unto me.

“Looking off unto Jesus,” oh, may I be found,  
When the waters of Jordan encompass me  
round !

Let them bear me away in his presence to be :  
'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom always I see.

Then, then I shall know the full beauty and  
grace

Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face ;  
I shall know how his love went before me each  
day,

And wonder that ever my eyes turned away !

ANON.

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REST, WEARY SOUL.

Rest, weary soul :

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,

For all thy sins full satisfaction made.

Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done ;

Take the free gift, and make the joy thine own.

No more by pangs of guilt and fear distressed,

Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart,

From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,

Thy profitless regrets and longings vain.

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past ;  
All shall be blessedness and light at last.  
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed :  
    Rest, sweetly rest.

    Rest, weary head ;  
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb :  
Light from above has broken through its gloom.  
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,  
Where he shall wake thee on a future day, —  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
    Rest, sweetly rest.

    Rest, spirit free,  
In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more ;  
With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,  
Beside the streams of life eternal led, —  
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,  
    Rest, sweetly rest.

ANON.

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### CHRIST IN PROVIDENCE.

Let the world imagine to itself a magnificent Deity, whose government is only *general*. We adhere to the Lord God of Elijah, and rejoice in his providential superintendence of the *smallest* affairs.

And this God still liveth, a living Saviour, who is always to be found of them that seek him, and is nigh unto them that call upon him. Mighty hosts are encamped about his servants; and when he saith "Come," they come; or "Go," they go. And there has been no end to his wonderful providence, even to the present day. Who else was it but the Lord God of Elijah, who, but a short time since, in our very midst, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress, — not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor little fugitive singing-bird? You are all well acquainted with the circumstance. The poor man was sitting at his front door, early in the morning, his eyes red with weeping, and his heart crying to heaven; for he was expecting an officer, that very day, to come and sell his property for a small debt, which he could not pay. Whilst sitting thus, with a heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself upon an empty

cupboard. The good man, little imagining who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and put it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly ; and it seemed to him as if it were singing the tune of a favorite hymn, viz. : “ Fear thou not when darkness reigns ; ” and, as he listened to it, he found himself much soothed and comforted by its melody.

Suddenly a knock is heard at the door. “ Ah ! it is the officer,” thought the poor man, and arose to open it with fear and trembling. But no : it was the servant of a respectable lady. He said that the neighbors had seen a bird fly into his house, and he wished to know if he had caught it. “ Oh, yes ! ” answered the poor man ; “ and here it is.” In a few minutes the servant returned, and said, “ You have done my mistress a great service, for she sets a high value upon this bird. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks.” The poor man received it thankfully ; and it proved to be neither MORE NOR LESS THAN THE VERY SUM FOR WHICH HE WAS SUED.

Soon after, the officer came ; the poor man handed him the money, saying, "Here is your money ; God has sent it : now leave me in peace."

KRUMMACHER.

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### BEARING THE CROSS.

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven :  
 No cross without, no God within.  
 Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,  
 Amidst the world's false glare and din.  
 Oh ! happy he, with all his loss,  
 Whom God had set beneath the cross !

The heavier cross, the better Christian :  
 This is the touchstone God applies.  
 How many a garden would lie wasting,  
 Unwet by showers from weeping eyes !  
 The gold by fire is purified ;  
 The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith ;  
 The loaded palm strikes deeper root ;  
 The vine-juice sweetly issueth  
 When men have pressed the clustered fruit ;  
 And courage grows where dangers come,  
 Like pearls beneath the salt-sea foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer :  
The bruised herbs most fragrant are ;  
If wind and sky were always fair,  
The sailor would not watch the star ;  
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung  
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring :  
From vales we climb to mountain crest ;  
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,  
Longs for the Canaan of his rest ;  
The dove has here no rest in sight,  
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross, the easier dying :  
Death is a friendlier face to see ;  
To life's decay one bids defying,  
From life's distress one then is free.  
The cross sublimely lifts our faith  
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified ! the cross I carry :  
The longer may it dearer be ;  
And, lest I faint whilst here I tarry,  
Implant thou such a heart in me,  
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,  
Till for my cross the crown I wear !

SIN'S CURSE AND CURE.

“ Like things are cured by like.” — *Physician's Maxim.*

Hast thou e'er thought, O patient of the Great  
 Physician,  
 How thou wast lifted up from sin's accursed  
 condition ?  
 How rare the art, how wondrous the deep skill  
 redemptive,  
 When curse by curse is cured, and dying makes  
 the dead live ?

A *tree* in Eden bore the seed of sin's estrange-  
 ment ;  
 A *tree* on Calvary, love's red vintage of atone-  
 ment :  
 From *that*, the first-born Adam plucked sin's  
 woe eternal,  
 From *this*, the second Adam gave God's gift  
 supernal.

A *thorn* from earth upspringing was the curse  
 primeval ;  
 A *thorn* in crown inwrought procured that woe's  
 removal :



By *sweat of brow*, to fallen man his bread was  
given ;  
By *bloody sweat of Gèthsemane*, the bread of  
heaven.

O tree of death ! whose poison still our race is  
stinging,  
I find thy baleful seeds within my heart fresh  
springing ;  
O tree of life ! with grace and peace and mercy  
bending,  
Drop down on me thy precious balm of health  
unending.

And when sin's thorn reminds me of my nature's  
evil,  
And when I sweat and faint in guilt's remorseful  
travail,  
O Saviour ! turn thy thorn-pierced brow upon  
my spirit,  
And hide my sin's deep wound in thy vicarious  
merit.

REV. A. J. GORDON.







Woman at the Cross.





“AUGUSTINE was walking one morning by the seashore, meditating on the doctrine of the Trinity. Three holy persons, thought he, in the Godhead, equal in wisdom, equal in power, and equal in glory ; yet not three Gods, — only one ! And, as he tried in vain to understand it, he saw before him on the shore a little child, holding in its hand a colored sea-shell, scooping a hole in the sand, running to the waves, filling it with water, returning to the hole, and emptying it. ‘What are you doing, child?’ said Augustine. ‘I am going,’ said the child, ‘to pour the sea into this hole !’ Ah ! thought Augustine, it is the very thing I have been trying to do, — standing on the shore of time, by the ocean of the infinite and eternal Godhead, and trying to comprehend that Godhead with my little mind ! And the love of Jesus is such an unsearchable ocean, without bottom or bounds, therefore wonder and adore, but think not to discover the cause of the love of Christ, which ‘passeth knowledge.’ ”





## Woman at the Cross.

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WOMAN is indebted to the cross, if possible, more deeply than man. Everywhere that the cross has no power, she is in an inferior condition, and is a neglected creature. But, where the religion of the cross comes, it lifts her up to equality with man, as his helper and friend.

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### THE CROSS SANCTIFIED TO MOTHERS.

“The fate of a child,” said the first Napoleon, “is always the work of his mother.” No other hand is gentle, and at

the same time strong enough for this work ; no aptness and patience, no skill and ingenuity and tenderness, are like hers. Hence it is that she, and no one else, can make her child what she would have it. Hence it is that the *mother* makes the *man*. Would you seek the proof of this? Turn over the pages of history : examine the annals of the church, and you will find, in the language of another, that, “as a general rule, superior men are all the children of their mother ;” that great men are the children of great mothers. Who has ever read the story of Thermopylæ without feeling that the Spartan mother formed the Spartan Leonidas? or, as we see the Curtius take the fatal leap, is it not a sufficient explanation of his heroic self-devotion to say he is the son of a Roman matron? Who gave Samuel and Augustine to the church of God? The faithful Hannah and the loving, humble, patient Monica. And so, perhaps, I might say that almost every noble soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, and furnished with faith

and strength for each virtuous and noble deed, by the love and patience and fortitude of some heroic Spartan, or Roman, or, more than either, some Christian mother. "Not long since," says the late Dr. Monod, "in a pastoral conference, where were assembled one hundred and twenty American pastors, united in a common faith, each one was invited to relate the human cause to which he attributed, under the divine blessing, the change of his heart; and, out of those one hundred and twenty, more than one hundred gave the honor to their mother." Not long since, the Rev. Dr. Leland of South Carolina stated, at a prayer-meeting at Saratoga Springs, "that, of *one hundred* students in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, he had ascertained, by personal inquiry, that *ninety-nine* received their first religious impressions from pious mothers." Says a French writer, "Of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown, only three have loved the people; and all those three were reared by their mothers, without the intervention of pedagogues. St. Louis was trained

by Blancha ; Louis XII. by Maria of Cleves ; and Henry IV. by Jane of Albret : and these were really the fathers of their people."

John Randolph of Roanoke once made the following confession : " I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection ; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, ' Our Father who art in heaven. ' "

Well may woman rejoice in a mission so far-reaching and glorious in its possible results.

Man, then, owes to woman, not only his childhood, but his manhood. The mother follows her child through life ; her influence is illimitable and indestructible. Especially, and in a higher sense, is this true of the Christian mother. There is nothing more irresistible and permanent to man than the early impressions of a pious mother, enshrined in his heart, and shielded by the simple charm of youthful remembrances. However silenced or neglected, the mysteri-



ous workings of a mother's gentle love and faith will one day re-assert the influence of by-gone years.

“ My mother's voice ! how often creeps  
Its cadence on my lonely hours,  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers !  
I can forget her melting prayer  
While leaping pulses madly fly ;  
But, in the still, unbroken air,  
Her gentle tones come stealing by,  
And years and sin and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee.”

She does not, it is true, reign any longer by her authority over her children who have grown up to manhood ; but she may still exercise over them a dominion of love and reverence, which their maturity will honor none the less implicitly. Her child can never outgrow, or outgo, or destroy her love ; the pressure of her hand upon his head, the grasp of her hand about his heart, is as enduring as God's eternity.

Surely she who first welcomed me into life with a smile and kiss of love, who folded me to her bosom and nourished me with her life,

who bore with my folly and ingratitude and waywardness, and blessed me with her holy life, can *never*, NEVER be forgotten by me ! I know what it is to have such a mother ; and I can testify before you, with my hand upon my heart, to the *imperishable* influence of a *Christian* mother. I *had* such a mother ; nay, blessed be God ! I *have* such a mother *now* : but she is living in heaven, while her beloved form sleeps beneath the soil of a distant State. Bear with the weakness of a son, in this passing tribute of affection to a pious mother, who is beyond the reach of injurious praise or unjust censure. I do but fulfil the words of inspiration, — “ Her children shall rise up, and call her blessed.” Well do I remember that home rendered fragrant with the odors of her saintly life. Well do I remember how meek and gentle, how pure and holy and self-forgetful, and yet how earnest, she was in all her domestic and social relations. Well do I remember that hand, so firm and yet so gentle, that I loved her the more, even while she subdued my wilfulness. Well do I remember the

language of her eyes, that spoke more than her lips could speak of her unutterable tenderness. Well do I remember her prayers and counsels, baptized as they were with the tears of her heart. The voice of her prayer,—I hear it every day! The spirit of her life,—I feel it every hour! The memory of her love is fresher and greener than the sod that rests upon her head! Shall I *ever* forget? *God knows, not while I have my being.*

I would not exchange the hallowed memories of my mother for all the riches of the universe; for they come upon me like a holy inspiration, as strength to my weakness, as an incitement to my faith, as an earnest of future and eternal good when I shall once again and forever stand face to face with her in the presence of our common Redeemer. What my mother is to me, my sister, you may be, if you are not, to your child. What my mother is to me, perhaps your mother is to you, my brother. If so, you at least know that I have used no superlative language.

Would that all the mothers, would that all my sisters, would seek to know and appreciate and exert the hidden but resistless power of a Christian woman !

“ She can so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessing.”



## WOMAN'S INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST.

To the gospel of Christ, woman is indebted for all that is most estimable and lovely in her character, and for all that is most desirable and elevated in her social position. The dawn of Christianity brought light and hope to her : it was the birth-day of her social and spiritual emancipation. It alone, of all religious systems, has understood and appreciated and befriended woman. Pre-

vious to the Advent, she was and still is, throughout the whole Pagan and Mohammedan world, in a condition but little better than that of a slave. She is bought and sold as chattel property, and is either degraded to the level of a beast of burden, or to be the toy of the sensualist. Dreadful indeed is the picture of her wrongs, — wrongs that well might obliterate her moral and social as well as intellectual nature. Nor has infidelity done any thing better for her. It has rather sought to drag her from her lofty position, by sneering at her virtue, and demoralizing her religious faith. “What,” says an eminent contemporaneous divine, “do infidels, who vilify and renounce the gospel, care for the influence, purity, or happiness of woman? Not one whit more than they do for their own souls, which they will barter at any time for a moment’s gratification. And what do the whole tribe of profligate men who hate God and his son Jesus Christ, and the Bible, and every thing that is pure and heavenly, care for these matters of mighty import to the race? Care? These are the

last thoughts for which they care. The influence of woman in society, her moral purity and delicate sensibilities, her refined and elevated social enjoyments, are matters for which infidels and profligates have little concern, but which lie near the hearts of Christians." And it is Jesús Christ who has made us your friends. It is his gospel alone that has struck off your chains, and lifted you from beneath the feet of man to stand by *his side*, his companion and his equal. It is his gospel alone that has repaired the ruins of her desolated nature, and restored to her the beauty and purity of her violated chastity. It is his love that protects and defends her within the sacred inclosure of *home*; and it is in that love alone she must seek and find the true remedy for all her wrongs.

I do not say that Christianity has done all that is necessary for woman. It has not. It works in this direction, as in every other, slowly, but surely. God can afford to take his time; for he is *eternal*. But it is not for the church that has reared within its bosom Mary and Eunice, and Perpetua, and Catha-

rine Adorna, and Madame Guyon, and Hannah More and Harriet Newell ; it is not for the generation among whom Elizabeth Browning has sung, and Charlotte Brontë spoken, and Harriet Hosmer chiselled, and Rosa Bonheur painted, and Mary Lyon taught, and Florence Nightingale lived, — to despair of woman's achieving, with the aid of the gospel, her brightest destiny. She is still wronged and insulted by unjust laws and heartless flattery ; but do not let her rush with unwomanly clamors to the platform for redress. Nay, rather let her frown upon every effort and movement that seeks to draw her from her legitimate sphere and work. Let her learn to suffer and *wait*. Let her know that God and good men are on her side, and are working for her, and that they, together with her own patient endurance of wrong, have and are and will continue to do more for her than any amount of active and boisterous endeavor on her part. My sisters, in all this wide universe, you have no such benefactor as Jesus Christ.

REV. J. E. WALTON.

## TRUST AND ASPIRATION.

Father, I own thy voice ;  
I seek thy loving face ;  
The fountain of my sweetest joys  
Is thine abounding grace.

Saviour, I cling to thee,  
Thou Victor in the strife :  
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,  
My peace, my hope, my life.

Father, behold thy child ;  
Guide me, and guard from ill ;  
In dangers thick, through deserts wild,  
Be my Protector still.

Saviour, gird me with power  
For thee the cross to bear,  
Victorious in temptation's hour,  
Safe from the secret snare.

Ancient of days, to thee  
By love celestial drawn,  
My soul thy majesty shall see,  
And greet her glory's dawn.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D.D.



## THE HAPPY FEAST AT BETHANY.

“And they made a supper, and Martha served ; but Lazarus was one of them who sat at the table with him.” This wonderful scene took place after the resurrection of Lazarus. It was a re-union of the Bethany family and their friend Jesus. Lazarus had come back from the grave to the sisters, and they were glad. Can your imagination help you to a conception of the scene? I suppose they had the best they could get from the markets for the table, just as you would do if your brother had died, and some great physician had gone to the vault, and restored him to life, and you had made a feast for both brother and physician.

“And Martha served.” And didn’t she serve willingly? See her looking first at Jesus, and then at her risen brother ; and now how willingly she trips off to get another dish ! She don’t find fault with Mary for not helping her now, as she did on a former occasion ; but methinks, in her gratitude to Jesus for giving

her back her brother, is willing to do it all. And Mary—she troubled herself about neither cooking nor eating ; but she took a pound of ointment, and anointed Jesus, and she could just as willingly have laid her life down at his feet. Jesus had loved them all, and raised Lazarus from the dead : could she withhold any thing from him ? A host of angels were there, too, I doubt not, to witness the scene.

And shall not *we* make a feast for Jesus ? Has he not done something for us ? Did he not raise us out of the tomb of sin ? Look we not upon some that are dear to us, who were dead, but are “ alive again ” ? Think, too, of the final resurrection, when, in literal truth, every grave shall be opened, and we all be borne away to the land of rest. Should *we* not make a feast for Jesus ? But what shall we put on the altar before him ? What will please him ? Hear him : “ If I were hungry, I would not tell thee ; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or the blood of goats ? Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the

Most High." Bring your hearts full of gratitude, and offer them to God.

"Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion  
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,  
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Bring your hearts as an offering to Jesus, and we'll have a feast of love around the cross. "The prayers of the poor in spirit" shall ascend as sweet incense to our Lord ; and blessings sweet as manna shall descend upon our souls. Bring hearts, *whole* hearts, *perfect* hearts, *contrite* hearts, to Jesus just now.

R. V. LAWRENCE.







Childhood at the Cross.





“THOSE who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is rendered an immortal child.”—LEIGH HUNT.





## Childhood at the Cross.

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CHILDREN can love and appreciate Christ with as much spiritual comfort as their older friends. "Conversion in childhood," says Rev. Mr. Roebuck, "is not only possible, but positively more practicable than at any subsequent period in life. Childhood is the golden opportunity, the favorable spring-time in which to sow the seed of a happy eternity. Sin is more hateful to childhood's moral sensibilities than to manhood's hardened and ossified conscience. The person of Christ is more attractive than after false ideals of manhood have intruded themselves upon the mind. Faith is more easily exercised than when clouds of scepticism have gathered

along the horizon of our maturer life. The will is less obdurate than when the world's strife has tempered it into obstinacy. The affections are more readily disposed to good than when the love of evil is more strongly developed. The attention is more easily secured than when, as men, they have entered into the petty toils and strifes of daily living. In a word, nature never leads us nearer to the kingdom of heaven than when we are within the sacred precincts of early childhood, and surrounded and permeated by home influences."



### COMING TO JESUS.

I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, —

"Hosanna to the son of David!"

A poor afflicted woman stands on her door-step, and hears the child.

"What is that you say?" she asks, as he is passing by her house.



“Oh!” says he, “haven’t you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He’s cured blind Bartimeus, that used to sit at a wayside begging; and he has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave, and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them, and lay them at his feet, and he cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch him, are made perfectly whole.”

“Oh!” cried the poor woman, “if that’s true, he can cure my bloody issue that I’ve been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man?”

“Why,” says the child, “he’ll be here directly. He’s coming this way. There! don’t you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! hosanna to the son of David!” and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last.

“Well, I’ll go,” says the poor thing timidly: “I’ll get behind him. Maybe he won’t pity me; but that dear little lad said as many

as touched him were made whole. I'll go and try, however."

I imagine I see the poor, weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered garments around her, and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside ; but she says, —

"I'll try again."

She winds to the right, then to the left, — now nearer, and the next minute farther off than before. But still she perseveres ; although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the man she wants. Well done, poor woman ! try again ! It's all for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured ; and a touch of his clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, "Where are you pushing to ? You've got a bloody issue : you've no business here."

"Ah !" she answers, "I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you."

And now another step or two, and she can hear his gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as he walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand ; but she isn't near enough : another step — yes, now she touches — it is but the hem of his garment, but it is all she needs.

Glory to Jesus ! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus ! she touched, and was made perfectly whole.

And if there was virtue in his garment, isn't there efficacy in his blood ? May God help you, sinner, to come to Christ to-night !

RICHARD WEAVER.



### THE BELIEVING HEART.

The believing heart ! oh, what a deep repose,  
And calm, sweet trust it hath, 'mid all earth's  
woes !

Faith upward looks. To care and pain and ill  
It hears a voice divine say, "Peace — be still !  
God's grace yet flows."

What though thy riches fly, thy plans are crossed !  
 Oh, say not to thyself that all is lost !  
 The promise stands, — Jehovah will provide ;  
 Only believe : what canst thou want beside ?  
 Anchor, thou tempest-tost.

What though thy loved ones from thy side de-  
 part !  
 They are gone home, saith the believing heart :  
 In heavenly mansions, free from grief and pain,  
 With joyful welcome, true souls meet again, —  
 Meet, never to part.

And, though thou feel the warning touch of  
 death,  
 In peace, in trust, in hope, yield up thy breath.  
 Look up, look up ! redemption draweth nigh :  
 Soon shall the Saviour welcome thee on high,  
 God's sure word saith.

ANON.

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### JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

I am myself convinced the Lord has been acting on this promise during the past week. He has declared his purpose was, and is, to draw all men to him, and therefore he has

been doing that during two thousand years. No one can say how many he has drawn to himself who are now living in glory. That is his work still ; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, he has brought a number of children to believe and be blessed in him. " I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Of course that does not exclude children: children are a part of the "all." It is not surprising that he should call children to himself as soon as they are able to sin ; and that is very young. They can understand what it is to have a Saviour from sin as soon as they know what sin is, and that another can bear their punishment.

The conversion of sinners in every case is the work of the Almighty Spirit. He can work in a child's heart as well as in a man's heart. " Of his own will begat he us." It was his own sovereign act in each case ; and he did it in his own way, by bringing the truth to bear upon the mind. If Jesus had not meant to bless children, he would have rejected those that were brought to him. He would have said they were too young ;

but we read that he took the little ones in his arms, showing that it was his purpose to bless each of them, much more those little ones who walked up to him and asked him to bless them. Those children who came out of the different villages with their parents saw how loving he was. When all these children gathered at Jerusalem, and witnessed all his kindness, and sang hosannas on their way to the temple, the Pharisees thought the children were only imitators, copying the others ; and they said to Jesus, "Do you hear what these say?" Jesus answered, "It is the fulfilment of the promise, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Many of these children have said, and I believe will say to the end of their days, "I love Jesus ;" and perhaps those who do not know how they were led to Jesus would be curious to know how so many say they love Jesus and trust in Jesus. The answer is contained in the text. They have been brought to Jesus because Jesus loves them, and has showed his love to them by dying in their place. They were drawn by the reality

of his love. That has been told them again and again during every evening of the week. They have sung it in their hymns, they have heard it in the addresses, they have expressed it in their prayers. It is nothing but the love of Jesus in dying for them. He has been drawing children by the narrative of his love, told them by an affectionate servant of his who knows how to speak to children, whose loving addresses pleased the children very much ; and so this loving servant has drawn their loving hearts to love the Saviour. This is how they have been drawn, by hearing from one who has crossed the ocean that he may tell of Jesus.

B. W. NOEL.



### THE VISION OF CHRIST.

O Christ ! I long to know thee  
As thou art known above ;  
Long, face to face, to show thee,  
In faultless praise, my love :  
But thou thyself now hidest  
Beyond my feeble sense ;  
Though all my steps thou guidest,  
Thine arm my sure defence.

O'erpowering is the splendor  
About the unveiled throne :  
Where bright archangels render  
A service all their own :  
That glory sight confounding,  
Those wonders rich and rare,  
The anthems high resounding,  
This mortal could not bear.

Yet, Lord, to see thee, pining,  
In thought I oft ascend,  
And, where thy host are shining,  
I, too, before thee bend :  
As one in rapture dreaming,  
Celestial bliss I feel,  
And, in that moment's seeming,  
Glow with a seraph's zeal.

When from this dream awaking,  
A weary pilgrim still,  
Sloth from my spirit shaking,  
With fixed, unfaltering will,  
My soul, in courage stronger,  
Holds on her toilsome way,  
Content to watch yet longer,  
Till dawns the wished-for day.



## THE CHILD-ANGEL.

It was on a dark, rainy afternoon of last October, while the winds were stripping the trees of their last withered leaves, that a Christian man received a letter from one of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, whither his wife had resorted for medical treatment, conveying the assurance that a disease which might and finally must prove fatal had fastened itself on his beloved companion. This opinion had for some time been anticipated by him, but only as a *possibility*; and now a dark cloud settled suddenly on him. He strove to realize the Saviour's presence and love, and find a conscious support and sympathy in this; but he could only feel sure that God is good and gracious. A covering of cloud was over him, while he looked into a dark, dark valley before him, through which a loved one was soon to pass. The shadows of twilight were gathering. His two little children had laid aside their childish sports, and were seated with him at the tea-table, cheerfully talking

of an absent mother, whose return was daily expected, but only, as their father now knew, soon again to leave them on that last journey from which there is no return. They knew not his thoughts and feelings, as he gave them their meal, reminded by the vacant chair that soon she who had occupied it would leave it forever. The meal was over ; and he sat in silence and in darkness of soul, wondering at what God had brought before him, and gazing at the messenger, who, in a definite form, was seen drawing near his beloved partner.

Soon, his little daughter, who is not yet four years old, climbed upon his knees, and, nestling her head on his bosom, told, as was her custom, of her little doings through the day. Her father heard her words, but did not give them the usual attention. But *one* thought occupied his mind. Looking to the future, he was striving to see light beyond the grave, and his silent prayer was, "O God, my Saviour, send forth thy light from thy presence, where light ever dwells, and where sin and sorrow

never enter! O thou who art acquainted with grief, give thy servant light on this mysterious dispensation!" Scarcely had this prayer left his heavy heart, when his little daughter, breaking from her previous prattle, said, "Papa, must we go *through* death's dark vale to get to heaven?" Now he heard her, and answered, "Yes, my dear," when she added, "But we will not fear any evil, will we?"

The fountain of her father's heart was now opened, and the cloud of darkness was dispersed. The light which he had been seeking broke upon him, and made even the dark vale radiant with the brightness of heaven. He caught up the words of David, in the eighth Psalm,— "O Lord, *our* Lord, how excellent in all the earth is thy name!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

The shadows of evening were closing over earth. Father and child were silent for a time. She saw not his face, and knew not to what he was applying her words; but

she felt the heavings of his bosom, as her head rested upon it, and caught the falling tears on her upturned face ; and, as if with a quick sympathy taught by a heavenly Teacher, she again spoke : “ But, papa, our heavenly Father knows what is best for us in *every thing*, doesn't he, papa ? ”

Sympathizing friend, experienced Christian, learned divine ! What *could* have been said more fitting, more instructing, more sympathizing, more cheering ?

All narrated is strictly true. How precious is our Saviour's love ! How constant and tender and compassionate his care !

How wonderful his ways of speaking to his servants ! How precious is his truth, and how precious, in this instance, his ministering child !

ANON.

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### JESUS PASSETH BY.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
 Thou art scattering, full and free, —  
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing :  
 Let some dropping fall on me,  
                                 Even me.

Pass me not, O God our Father !  
Sinful though my heart may be :  
Thou might'st lead me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me,  
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !  
Let me live and cling to thee.  
I am longing for thy favor :  
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me,  
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
Thou canst make the blind to see :  
Witnessing of Jesus' merit,  
Speak some word of power to me,  
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving thee ?  
Has the world my heart been keeping ?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me,  
Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless ;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, —  
Magnify it all to me,  
Even me.

Pass me not : thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee :  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me !  
 Even me.

DUBLIN HYMN-BOOK.

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AT THE CROSS.

I had been weeping at the cross,  
 When some one seemed to say,  
 "Thy heart is very tired, my child ;  
 Lean thou on me to-day.

" My arm is strong ; I can sustain,  
 And tenderly will lead :  
 Upon my bosom rest thy head ;  
 Let me supply thy need.

" Thy garment has been trailed in dust,  
 And it is soiled, I see ;  
 My robe is broad, and spotless fair :  
 I'll cast it over thee.

" Thy soul is burdened : from this hour  
 Let me the burden bear ;  
 Thy bleeding feet may I not bathe ?  
 My sandals thou shalt wear.

“And better far : thy troubled heart,  
So long thy grief and care,  
I'll sprinkle with my precious blood ;  
It shall become all fair.”

As thus he spake, my soulful cry  
Was, “ Can this joy be mine ? ”  
He clasped me to his heart, and said,  
“ All that I have is thine.”

CHISLON.









The Dying at the Cross.





WHAT is heaven? We read it is an *inheritance*. Who are fit for an inheritance? Sons. Who makes us sons? "Behold what manner of love *the Father* hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." A son is fitted for an inheritance. The moment the son is born, he is fitted to be an heir. All that is wanted is, that he shall grow up, and be capable of possession. But he is fit for an inheritance at first. If he were not a son, he could not inherit as an heir. Now, as soon as ever we become sons, we are meet to inherit. There is in us an adaptation, a power and possibility for us, to have an inheritance. This is the prerogative of the Father, to adopt us into his family, and to "beget us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." And do you not see, that, as adoption is really the meetness for inheritance, it is the Father who hath "made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light"?





## The Dying at the Cross.

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AT the cross the believer has victory over death. The Christian finds it easy to die when his eyes rest on Calvary. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have been so often uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable."

## THE SHADOW OF DYING.

“There are many shadows of death. There are calamities, bereavements, desolations, which, for the moment, sunder you from earth almost the same as if you were absent from the body. But, if there are *shadows of death*, on the other hand the believer’s dissolution is but the *shadow of dying*.”—*A Morning by the Lake of Galilee.*

Whilst in breathless repose thou art lying,  
 Thy words still breathe forth living breath,  
 To thee but “the shadow of dying,”  
 On us rests “the shadow of death.”

The barrier changed to a portal,  
 The glory on thee through it shined ;  
 Thou hast passed from its shadow immortal,  
 And left all the shadows behind.

But on us still the shadow is resting,  
 For the shadow is all we can see ;  
 Earth with gloomier darkness investing,  
 For all the clear light lost with thee.

In the mind ever fearlessly moving  
 To welcome all lights from all sides,  
 In the heart which, by force of its loving,  
 Swept all ice-blocks away in its tides.

With the wide-seeing glance of the sages,  
And the glad, simple trust of the child,  
Spirit radiant as e'er through the ages  
Loved to drink at the well undefiled.

We count it thy joy to be taken,  
Thou countedst it ours to be left,  
Still earth's sleep with the glad news to waken,  
Nor quite of thy presence bereft.

In one church universal abiding,  
(No narrower home e'en was thine,)  
On one God and Father confiding,  
One Lord, ever human, divine.

On one mighty arm still relying,  
Embathed by one Spirit's life-breath,  
In the light of Him living whose dying  
Has made but a shadow of death.

AUTHOR OF SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.



## THE HAPPINESS OF A GLORIFIED SPIRIT.

Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the mansion prepared for me there. I am where I would

be, where I have long and often desired to be ; no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbor. My working time is done, I am resting ; my sowing time is done, I am reaping ; my joy is as the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me ? I am made perfect in holiness ; grace is swallowed up in glory ; the top-stone of the building is brought forth. Would you know what I am doing ? I see God ; I see him as he is, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face : and the sight is transforming ; it makes me like him. I am in the sweet employment of my blessed Redeemer, my head and husband, whom my soul loved, and for whose sake I was willing to part with all. I am here bathing myself at the spring-head of heavenly pleasures and joys unutterable ; and, therefore, weep not for me. I am here keeping a perpetual sabbath ; what that is, judge by your short sabbath. I am here singing hallelujahs incessantly to Him who sits upon the throne, and rest not day or night from praising him. Would you know what company I have ? Blessed company, better than

the best on earth : here are holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I am set down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God, with blessed Paul and Peter and James and John, and all the saints ; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintance that I fasted and prayed with, who got before me hither. And, lastly, would you consider how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers, a crown of glory that fades not away. After millions of millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now ; and, therefore, weep not for me.

MATTHEW HENRY.



### THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

I met a child : his feet were bare,  
His weak frame shivered with the cold,  
His youthful brow was knit by care,  
His flushing eyes his sorrow told.  
Said I, " Poor boy, why weepest thou ?"  
" My parents both are dead," he said,  
" I have not where to lay my head ;  
Oh, I am lone and friendless now !"

Not friendless, child : a Friend on high  
 For you his precious blood has given.  
 Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry:  
 "There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon  
 Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier :  
 "And must we part," he cried, "so soon ?"  
 As down his cheek there rolled a tear.  
 "Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not !"  
 "Weep not !" in accents wild he cried ;  
 "But yesterday my loved one died ;  
 And shall she be so soon forgot ?"  
 Forgotten ! no ; still let her love  
 Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven :  
 Strive thou to meet thy bride above,  
 And dry your tears in heaven.

I saw a gentle mother weep,  
 As to her throbbing heart she pressed  
 An infant, seemingly asleep  
 On its kind mother's sheltering breast.  
 "Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."  
 Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope  
 I am now called to render up ;  
 My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."



Young mother, yield no more to grief,  
Nor be by passion's tempest driven ;  
But find in these sweet words relief, —  
“ There are no tears in heaven.”

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave,  
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care,  
There is an arm above can save ;  
Then yield not thou to fell despair.  
Look upward, mourners, look above ;  
What though the thunders echo loud ?  
The sunshine's bright behind the cloud ;  
Then trust in thy Redeemer's love.  
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,  
Whate'er of toil and woe be given,  
Be firm : remember, to the last,  
“ There are no tears in heaven.”



### PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

A Christian should make his Saviour a perpetual companion, — everywhere and on every day of the week. Christ offers to walk with him in every day's journey of life. What companionship so enlivening and purifying as his? who else can make our hearts so

burn within us by the way? Christ's presence with believers is one of the best preventives from sin, one of the best stimulators to duty. Jesus is "made unto us sanctification," as well as redemption. That is, his is a spirit of holiness. And, when we live in hourly communion with Jesus, it has a tendency to make us holy. The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a perpetual check upon our lusts, a perpetual spur to our self-indolence. Are we provoked to cutting words or irritating retorts? One look from the gentle, all-forgiving Jesus should be enough to seal the lip, and to smooth the ruffled brow. Are we ever tempted to keen bargains and over-reaching in business? Selfishness says, "All is fair: others do it; it is the custom of our trade." But what will the pure and holy Jesus say? How will account-books look to him when he "audits" them? And so on, all through the calendar of duties and the circle of daily temptations. With our Saviour beside me, how will I dare to play the coward, or the cheat, or the trifler, or the sensualist, or the trickster?

Nowhere will Christ's presence be more cheering and sustaining than in the weariness of a sick-room, or under the silent shadows of a great bereavement. "Christ comes to me in the watches of the night," said the bed-ridden saint, Halyburton. "He draws aside the curtains and says, 'It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid.' Here I lie, pained with pain; without strength, and yet strong." And, when the last farewells have been spoken through the sobs of the dying hour, this never-failing Friend will sweetly whisper, "Fear not, I am with thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I will love them unto the end."

CUYLER.

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GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man?

Where are you going so fast?

There's a valley to cross, and a river to ford,

There's a clasp of the hand, and a parting word,

And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man, —

The beautiful vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man,  
 To your feet it's rugged and rough ;  
 But you see a dear being with gentle eyes  
 Has shared in your labor and sacrifice ;  
 Ah ! that has been sunshine enough, old  
 man, —  
 For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old  
 man,  
 Of life, — o'er the top of the hill ?  
 Were there beautiful valleys on t'other side ?  
 Were there flowers and trees with their branches  
 wide  
 To shut out the heat of the sun, old man, —  
 The heat of the fervid sun ?

And how did you cross the waves, old man,  
 Of sorrow, — the fearful waves ?  
 Did you lay your dear treasures by, one by one,  
 With an aching heart, and " God's will be done,"  
 Under the wayside dust, old man,  
 In the graves 'neath the wayside dust ?

There is sorrow and labor for all, old man ;  
 Alas ! there is sorrow for all :  
 And you, peradventure, have had your share ;

For eighty long winters have whitened your hair,  
And they've whitened your heart as well, old  
man, —  
Thank God, your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man,  
At last at the foot of the hill !  
The sun has gone down in a golden glow ;  
And the heavenly city lies just below :  
Go in through the pearly gate, old man, —  
The beautiful pearly gate.

ANON.



## IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

“ Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution, he wrote the following exquisite and remarkable poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, ‘ A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse. Perhaps there is not in this, or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart.’ ”

It is told me I must die :  
Oh, happy news !  
Be glad, O my soul !  
And rejoice in Jesus the Saviour !  
If he intended thy perdition,  
Would he have laid down his life for thee ?

Would he have called thee with so much love,  
 And illuminated thee with the light of the spirit?  
 Would he have given thee his cross,  
 And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die :

Oh, happy news !

Come on, my dearest soul,

Behold, thy Jesus calls thee.

He prayed for thee upon his cross ;  
 There he extended his arms to receive thee ;  
 There he bowed down his head to kiss thee ;  
 There he opened his heart to give thee entrance ;  
 There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die ;

Oh, what happiness !

I am going

To the place of my rest,  
 To the land of the living,  
 To the haven of security,  
 To the kingdom of peace,  
 To the palace of my God,  
 To sit at the table of my king,  
 To feed on the bread of angels,  
 To see what no eye hath seen,  
 To hear what no ear hath heard,  
 To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father !

O thou best of all fathers !

Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children !

I was lost, but by thy mercy found ;

I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again ;

I was gone astray after vanity,

But I am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father !

Come now, in mercy, and receive thy child !

Give him thy kiss of peace,

Remit unto him all his sins,

Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,

Permit him to have a place at thy feast,

And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.



### THE DAY BREAKETH.

Those who trust in Christ shall not be disappointed. All through the Bible, those who trust are called upon to rejoice. Said the pious Janeway, "My heart is full ; it is brim-full ; I can hold no more. I know what that means, — 'the peace of God,

which passeth all understanding.' I cannot express what glorious discoveries God hath made to me. How lovely is the sight of Jesus, when one is dying!"

If one can die with a heart full, he might live so also. "Almost well, and *nearly at home*," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know that I am almost at home." Then, looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work, — home, home!" Another on his death-bed said, "I am going home as fast as I can; and I bless God that I have a good home to go to."

Yes; nearer home should be the feeling of God's people, as day succeeds day. Said one, "All things are mine. God sustains me through wearisome days, and tedious, painful nights. Simple faith in his word keeps my



mind in peace, but he generously adds strong consolation. · Death has no sting.”

Another said, “I am ready to die, through the grace of my Lord Jesus; and I look forward to the full enjoyment of the society of holy men and angels, and the full vision of God forevermore.”

And the holy Polycarp, as he went to the stake, exclaimed, “I bless thee, O Lord! that thou hast thought me worthy to have part in the number of thy martyrs, in the cup of thy Christ. For this and for all things, I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee.”

And one of the Continental reformers thus expressed himself: “Rejoice with me; I am going to a place of everlasting joy. In a short time, I shall be with the Lord Jesus.”

To all these was given a faith that went within the veil, by which they were enabled to look death in the face joyfully, to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. We need desire nothing higher or better than in this world to know Christ, and to trust in him. “He that believeth on him shall not be confounded.”

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

## “NOT NOW.”

Not now, my child ; a little more rough tossing,  
 A little longer on the billows' foam,  
 A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,  
 And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's home.

*Not now*, — for I have wanderers in the distance,  
 And thou must call them in with patient love ;  
*Not now*, — for I have sheep upon the moun-  
 tains,  
 And thou must follow them where'er they  
 rove.

*Not now*, — for I have loved ones sad and weary :  
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?  
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow :  
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

*Not now*, — for wounded hearts are sorely bleed-  
 ing,  
 And thou must teach those widowed hearts to  
 sing ;  
*Not now*, — for orphans' tears are thickly falling,  
 They must be gathered 'neath some shelter-  
 ing wing.

*Not now*, — for many a hungry one is pining,  
 Thy willing hand must be outstretched and  
 free ;

Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,  
 And gives his answering messages to thee.

*Not now*, — for dungeon walls look stern and  
 gloomy,

And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the  
 breeze,

*Man's* prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble free-  
 men :

Hast thou no ministry of love for these ?

*Not now*, — for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,

And souls are perishing in hopeless sin ;  
 Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open :

Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in.

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,

And speak that name in all its living power :  
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and  
 weary ?

Canst thou not *watch with me* one little hour ?

One little hour ! and *then* the glorious crowning,

The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm !  
 One little hour ! and *then* the Hallelujah !

Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

## THE CROSS AND HEAVEN.

Let us even pass beyond our sphere of being ; let us compare the angel who never fell with the man who knows himself restored. And why should we not hold, that not among the cherubim, not among the seraphim, are there such incentives to obeying and pleasing God as among redeemed creatures, — among the objects of the love “that passeth knowledge” ? Very glorious indeed must be the condition of angelic beings ; and, as they move in their brightness in the continual presence of God, we may well feel that they must burn with love and thankfulness, and reckon it their happiness, yea, their existence, to devote every energy to the doing God’s will. But there has never been to angels that attestation of divine love which there has been to men. The divine love has indeed been beautifully and richly displayed ; it decked them with their glories, and continues to them their blessedness : but there has been no humiliation of divinity on their

behalf; no assumption of their nature into oneness with the Infinite; no demonstration of their being so dear to their Maker, that nothing was too costly to be done for their safety. All this was reserved for men. It is the *human* nature which has been made one with the divine; and on behalf of men, and men alone, has there been the exhibition of a love outrunning all thought,—a love which could not merely plant a paradise, but brave a tomb; a love which, not content with doing every thing for the happiness of its objects while innocent, could submit to ignominy, to anguish, to death, for their deliverance when polluted. And the greater display of love has a direct tendency to call forth a greater attachment, so that a redeemed sinner will feel such love in the Saviour as no unfallen angel can.

Oh! we are persuaded of the thorough possibility, that, in many a human breast, there may be a deeper and more intense feeling of love to God's Son than in many of the lofty creatures who never transgressed. We believe of many a poor and unknown

individual, unreservedly confiding in the suretyship of the Mediator, that he has a consciousness of undeserved benefits bestowed, and a desire to devote himself in return to the service of his Benefactor, which could not be surpassed if you were allowed to search those ranks of intelligence which kept their first estate, and never put to the proof the compassion of their Maker. And because there is thus a direct tendency, in the scheme of our redemption, to the producing extraordinary love and devotedness, would we argue that those who live under the covenant of grace have vastly stronger motives than others, who lived under the covenant of works, to set themselves to the "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." You may speak of the energy of the principle of self-interest, and may contend that nothing would so urge a man to the striving against sin as the consciousness that he was left to his own efforts for securing immortality; but we would speak of the energy of the principle of love, and contend, that,

constituted as we are, there can be nothing equal to an ardent affection towards God in producing unqualified obedience to his will.

REV. H. MELVILLE.



MY ALL IN ALL !

All in all to me,  
Lamb of Calvary !  
Since thy blood alone  
Can for sin atone,  
Wash my guilt away,  
Give the heart to pray,  
Fit my soul to see  
Home and heaven in thee !

All in all to me,  
Lamb of Calvary !  
All I have is thine ;  
Every joy of mine,  
Every loving thought,  
Every good deed wrought,  
Every hope for me,  
Comes alone from thee !

All in all in me,  
Lamb of Calvary !  
For thy gift of grace  
Making sure the race  
To the better land,  
Linking hand to hand :  
Pilgrims resting there  
From a life of care !

All in all to me,  
Lamb of Calvary !  
For the ills of life,  
Days of bitter strife  
With the hosts of sin,  
Days of discipline,  
Hand in hand with thee,  
Are a gain to me !

All in all to me,  
Lamb of Calvary !  
All in all in fear,  
All in all in cheer,  
All in all in love,  
All in all above,  
Where I fain would be,  
Lost to self in thee !

ANON.



MY KNOWLEDGE.

Though men confront the living Goa  
With wisdom than his word more wise,  
And leaving paths apostles trod,  
    Their own devise, —  
I would myself forsake, and flee,  
O Christ, the living Way, to thee !

I know not what the schools may teach,  
Nor yet how far from truth depart ;  
One lesson is within my reach, —  
    The Truth thou art ;  
And, learning this, I learn each day  
To cast all other love away.

I cannot solve mysterious things,  
That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife ;  
But oh, what peace this knowledge brings, —  
    Thou art the Life !  
Hid in thy everlasting deeps,  
The silent God his secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life, thou art !  
This, this I know ; to this I cleave ;  
The sweet, new language of my heart, —  
    “ Lord, I believe.”  
I have no doubt to bring to thee ;  
My doubt has fled, my faith is free !

## DEATH CONQUERED.

Death, to the unregenerate, must be a source of awful alarm. But that the awfulness of death may be removed, we are perfectly sure. Abundant instances are at hand to prove that the sting of death has often been plucked out, and the death-bed made as peaceful as an evening sleep. What was it that induced Edward Dearing to say, "If it were put to my choice whether I should die or live, I would a thousand times rather choose death than life"? Said Robert Bolton, "When shall I be dissolved? When shall I be with Christ?" "See how calm a Christian can die," were among the last words of Addison. What was it that gave to Payson those thrilling foretastes of future blessedness, — brought him to the borders of heaven, and gave him an insight to its joys? What is it that bears up the Christian in every age and in every clime? What magic power is it that can thus triumph over the infirmities of our nature, and beat down death, even at the mouth of the sepulchre?

I answer: *a preparation to meet death.* This consists, first, *in a vital union to Christ.* The sinner is at enmity with God, — in a state of unreconciliation and disobedience. There is not one principle or emotion of his soul which would lead him to serve or obey God. Now, out of Christ there is no reconciliation. The Father stands robed in the violated law, inapproachable in his holy abhorrence of sin. But, when the sinner is joined to Christ, there is no longer a fear of death. All that is conquered, swallowed up in a sea of loving confidence in Jesus, the conqueror of death.

A second element in preparation for death is *an assurance of hope.* Many Christians, who in reality have a part in religion, and are truly the children of God, are like the impenitent, “all their lifetime subject to bondage.” Their natural dispositions, their habits of thinking, their peculiar temperaments, or something else connected with the world without or the heart within, keeps them “bowed like a bulrush.” They take the hand of Christ, and go forth, yet doubting his ability or willingness to lead them;

and when the Jordan, rolling furiously, breaks upon their ears, and they remember that this is death, they take the hand away from Christ, and cling to earth. The remedy for this is a clear hope, — a calm assurance that we have an interest in the death of Christ, — that God is our portion, heaven our home. This is attainable. It is within the reach of all. Strive for it, diligently seek it, is enjoined upon us ; and if we would die peacefully and triumphantly, we must have an evidence clear, a hope strong, a prospect bright.

The third element in a preparation for death is a *holy life*. “Teach me how to live,” says one, “and I will teach you how to die.” It is impossible for a Christian to view the approach of death with calmness if he continues buried up in the perplexities of the world. Christ, faith, and holiness are the mystic words which dissolve the shades of death. Christ the efficient, procuring cause, faith the instrument, holiness the result. If Christ be not formed within, the hope of glory ; if faith does not point backward to the cross, and forward to the crown ; if obe-

dience does not work "to will and to do" within us, — death still has dominion over us. These three elements, then, enter into a preparation for death : *A vital union to Christ, a full assurance of hope, a holy life.* Possess these, and death is vanquished and the Christian is victor. He dies in triumph.

" His fight is fought, his faith has reached the end ;  
 Firm to the heaven his glance, his heart ascends.  
 There with the Judge he sees his crown remain ;  
 And if to live be Christ, to die is gain."



"MANY THINGS ARE GROWING  
 CLEAR!" — *Schiller.*

Come ! the summer night is calling,  
 Through the elm-tree shadows falling,  
 And the silver moonbeams gleaming  
 On the snowy window-screen.  
 These but *hints*, I murmur lowly ;  
 And I raise the curtain slowly,  
 Till a flood of splendor, streaming,  
 Renders *clear* the enchanted scene.

Soul ! all Nature calleth to thee,  
 From the bounds of earth would woo thee :  
 Morn, with fragrant breezes blowing  
     Fresh from the celestial hills ;  
 Eve in purple robes of glory  
 Sweetly tells her mystic story,  
 Such diviner state foreshowing,  
     That the soul with rapture thrills.

Take, oh, take these sweet suggestions !  
 Ask no unbelieving questions.  
 Wafting thee to fields Elysian,  
     Death shall surely raise the screen.  
 With celestial euphrasy  
 He shall touch the inner eye,  
 Till thou chant, with raptured vision,  
     Many things are clearly seen !

Thus said Schiller, in his gladness,  
 While each bowed the head in sadness  
 Round his dying couch at even.  
     Closed his eyes on scenes once dear, —  
 On the flood of crimson glory  
 Bathing rock and castle hoary ;  
 Yet, while earthly ties were riven,  
     Many things were growing clear.

Sweeter than the carols ringing,  
Whilst the lark her flight is winging  
Are these words of Schiller, ever  
    Singing, singing through the soul,  
Prelude of diviner pleasures,  
Where no more in mournful measures  
Sing the souls who sorrow never,  
    Who have safely reached the goal.

What though chilling mists enshroud us,  
When these vapors that becloud us,  
Gazed upon from heights celestial  
    Golden "mirrors" shall appear!  
Courage, then, nor wish to alter  
One of God's decrees, nor falter  
Through the fear of ills terrestrial:  
    Many things are growing clear!

A. L. S.



### THE BLESSED STATE.

The day is coming, and all the wings of time are bringing it nearer, when we shall be emancipated from the body of this death. We are not forever to be sickly, sinful, and sorrowing. We shall soon be set free from

every thing that encumbers us. If Christ come not in our lifetime to take us to himself, we shall go to him to dwell with him where he is. And what are the delights of being in heaven? To be with Christ; the spouse forever with the bridegroom; the child forever in his Father's bosom! What must it be to dwell above, — forever pure, forever beyond the danger of temptation, safe and blessed, shielded from all fear, enriched with all blessedness! Christian, you shall soon be like Jesus as well as with him. You shall be crowned as he is, and blessed as he is. Oh, how satisfied shall you be when you wake up in his likeness! I could not go farther; for though I were to talk of the harps of gold, of the streets that shine with unearthly light, of gates of pearl, of the never-ending song, and of the gentle-flowing river of the water of life amidst the trees, that yield their twelve manner of fruits, yet all would be less than what I have said already. You shall be with Christ, and you shall be like him.

C. H. SPURGEON.







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